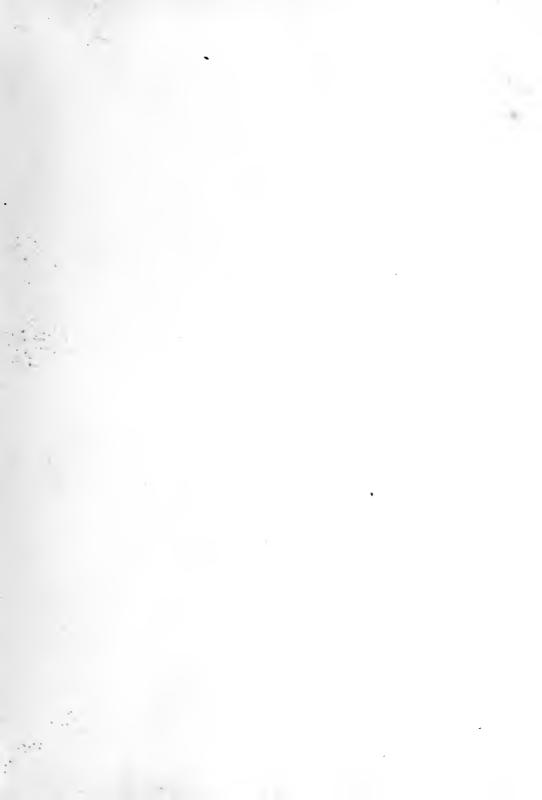




Digitized by the Internet Archive in 2007 with funding from Microsoft Corporation





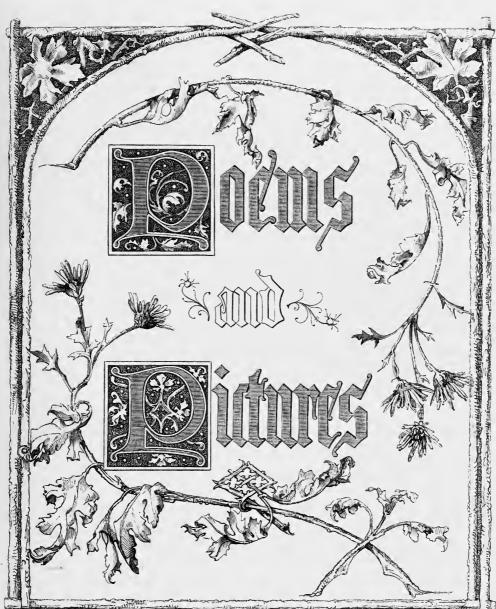




Poems and Pictures.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY LEVEY, ROBSON, AND FRANKLYN, Great New Street, Fetter Lane.



KONDON-KIIIKS-BIIIKS-1846



## Poems and Pictures:

A COLLECTION

OF

BALLADS, SONGS, AND OTHER POEMS.

WITH

One Hundred Illustrations on Wood

BY

ENGLISH ARTISTS.



London:

JAMES BURNS, 17 PORTMAN STREET.

MDCCCXLVI.





Subject.			Author.	Page
A BOY			N. P. WILLIS	131
ABRA, OR THE GEORGIAN SULT	ΓANA		COLLINS	145
ADMIRAL COLLINGWOOD .			Anonymous	152
ALL PLEASURE IS A PAINFUL T	THING		From BOETHIUS. (S. R.)	80
APRIL MORNING			C. (Church Poetry) .	208
BESSY AND HER SPINNING-WH	EEL		Burns	59
BIRDS OF PASSAGE			REV. I. WILLIAMS .	207
CHARADE			M. PRAED	92
CHILDHOOD AND HIS VISITORS			M. PRAED	220
CHILDLIKE TEMPER			*Tersteegen. (Miss Cox)	196
CHILD'S ANSWER			C. (Church Poetry) .	89
CHRIST-CROSS RHYME			REV. R. S. HAWKER .	65
CHRISTMAS			SIR W. SCOTT	90
CHRISTMAS CAROL			S. R	175
CUMNOR HALL			W. J. MEIKLE	98
DERMOT, AN IRISH BALLAD .			W. Smyth	176
DOMESTIC PEACE			COLERIDGE	206
ENGLISH MERCHANT AND SAR	ACEN	LADY	S. M. (Lays and Ballads)	105
EVENING			COLLINS	194
GOOD NIGHT			*Körner	199
HABITS			REV. I. WILLIAMS .	45
HÄFICH AND HÄTTICH .			*LANGBEIN	158
HYPERICUM PULCHRUM .			S. R	13
I LOVE TO ROAM			Scenes of Childhood .	222
ISAAC ASHFORD			CRABBE	237
I SAW THEE, DARLING BABY			Scenes of Childhood .	103
I WAS A WITHERED, BLASTED	TREE		c	216
JEANIE MORRISON			MOTHERWELL	85

<sup>\*</sup> The Poems thus distinguished (\*) are Translations from the German.

Subject.	Author.	Page
JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO	. Burns	32
KING ARTHUR'S LAST TOURNAMENT .	. SIR W. SCOTT	165
LADY MARY	. REV. H. ALFORD	4
LEONORA	. *Burger. (Hon. W. Spences	225
LITTLE MARY AND HER CATECHISM .	. Scenes of Childhood	29
LUCY'S FLITTIN'	. W. LAIDLAW	61
LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF	. SIR W. SCOTT	161
MOTHER'S DAY-DREAM	. Scencs of Childhood	192
NATURE AND ART	. d. (Church Poetry)	57
ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE BRAVE .	. Collins	53
ODE TO TRANQUILLITY	. Coleridge	154
OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW	. Burns	37
OLD FATHER MARTIN	. *MAHLMANN	41
O MISERERE DOMINE	. SIR W. SCOTT	95
ON A CHILD TWO YEARS OLD	. Rev. I. WILLIAMS	157
ON A LADY	. S. R	187
ON A MONUMENT IN LICHFIELD CATHEDRA	L γ. (Church Poelry)	163
ON A RIVULET	. *Ramler	219
ON LEAVING MEOPHAM	. Rev. E. Smedley	44
ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL	. Burns	56
ON A SET OF YOUTHS LEAVING COLLEGE	. Mrs. Butler	67
ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTUR	E COWPER	7
ON SOME OLD FAMILY PORTRAITS	. Blackwood's Magazine	134
POET'S BLESSING	. *UHLAND	97
POWER OF MATERNAL PIETY	. Anonymous	138
RECOLLECTIONS OF J. W. AND HIS SISTER	. The Tribute	177
RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SEA	. Rev. H. Alford	208
ROBERT BURNS TO DAVIE SILLAR	. Burns	69
SAY NOT THESE FLOWERS	. Anonymous	241
SIMILES ON A SWALLOW	. Anonymous	48
SIR ROLAND GRAEME	. ALLAN CUNNINGHAM	15
SONG COMPOSED IN AUGUST	. Burns	136
SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY	. Dryden	93
SONG OF THE BRAVE MAN	. *Burger	33
SONNET ,	. REV. H. ALFORD	242
SPRING FLOWERS	. K	207

The state of the same of the s

Lun--um

Subject.	Author.	Page
STANZAS	. REV. C. WOLFE	. 50
STORM AT SEA	. SOUTHEY	. 240
SUNRISE IN PALESTINE	. REV. E. SMEDLEY .	. 197
TALE OF THE COAST-GUARD	. REV. H. ALFORD	. 11
THE BARD	. GRAY	. 209
THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN	. SIR W. SCOTT	. 71
THE BEE	. W. SMYTH	. 233
THE BIG BELL AND THE LITTLE BELL.	. YRIARTE	. 162
THE BOATIE ROWS	. Joanna Baillie	. 63
THE BROOKLET	. SIR R. GRANT	. 234
THE BUCKET	. Wordsworth	. 6
THE BUTTERCUPS	. S. R	. 60
THE COTTAGE HOME	. Recollections of the Lakes	. 148
THE COWSLIP	. Wild Garland	. 129
THE DANCE	. *Schiller	. 218
THE DEVOTED	. E. M. CHANDLER	. 215
THE DIVER	. *Schiller. (S. M.) .	. 201
THE DYING FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER	. W. Smyth	. 236
THE EMIGRANT HIGHLANDER'S WIFE .	. J. M	. 38
THE FIELD OF WATERLOO	. SIR W. Scott	. 46
THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE	. J. S. Knowles	. 20
THE FLAX-SPINNERS' SONG1		. 137
THE GLOVE	. L. Hunt, after Schiller	. 159
THE HERMIT	. PARNELL	. 115
THE HIGHLAND SHEPHERD	. SIR W. SCOTT	. 52
THE JOYOUS CHILD	. Scenes of Childhood .	. 66
THE LAND O' THE LEAL	. Burns	. 49
THE LONELY ROCK	. Anonymous	. 198
THE LOVER	. Dryden	. 64
THE MINER <sup>2</sup>	. Miss Clephane	. 25
THE MOURNER	. Crabbe	. 22
THE MUFFIN-MAN	. A. J	. 96
THE NIGHTINGALE	. H. Coleridge	. 140

Sung among the peasants of Westphalia.
 These verses appeared in "The Tribute," and the story on which they are founded was mentioned in a newspaper in spring 1835 as of recent occurrence in one of the Swedish mines.

Subject.			Author.	Page
THEODORA			S. M	142
THE OLD CAP, OR TIME'S ALTERATION	τ.		Elegant Extracts	39
THE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN .				190
THE PASSAGE			*UHLAND	55
THE POOR MAN'S SONG			*UHLAND	51
THE PRINCE AND THE OUTLAW .			S. M. (Lays and Ballads)	81
THE RINGERS OF LANCELL'S TOWER			REV. R. S. HAWKER .	54
THE SERENADE			*UHLAND	114
THE SHIPWRECKED SOLITARY'S SONG			K. WHITE	132
THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN .			REV. R. S. HAWKER .	128
THE SPINNING MAIDEN'S CROSS .			REV. W. WHEWELLI .	123
THE SUFFOLK YEOMAN'S SONG			J. Hughes	150
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH			Longfellow . ,	155
THE VILLAGE SMITHY			*Körner	43
THE VILLAGE STILE			Recollections of the Lakes	1
THE WATER-LILIES			REV. E BARNARD .	130
THE WILD HUNTSMAN			*Burger. (S. M.)	179
THEY ERR WHO SAY LIFE IS NOT SWE	EET		S. R	80
THE YOUNG MOURNER			REV. H. ALFORD .	200
TIME			SIR W. SCOTT	88
TO A BABY WHEN A FEW DAYS OLD			Scenes of Childhood .	217
TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER WEDDING-	DAY	7.	S. R	135
TO BLOSSOMS			Herrick	195
TO THE ANGEL OF GUIDO			REV. H. ALFORD .	189
TO THE EVENING WIND			BRYANT	188
TO THE NAUTILUS			H. Coleridge	19

(1) From "The Tribute."



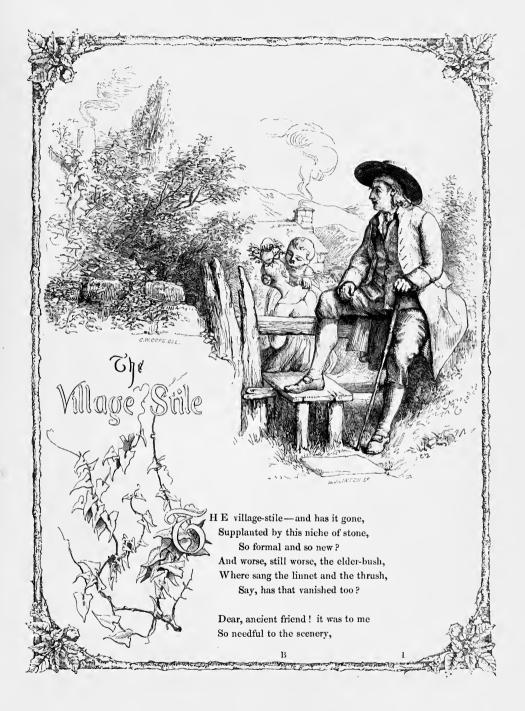
The policy amount of the property of the prope

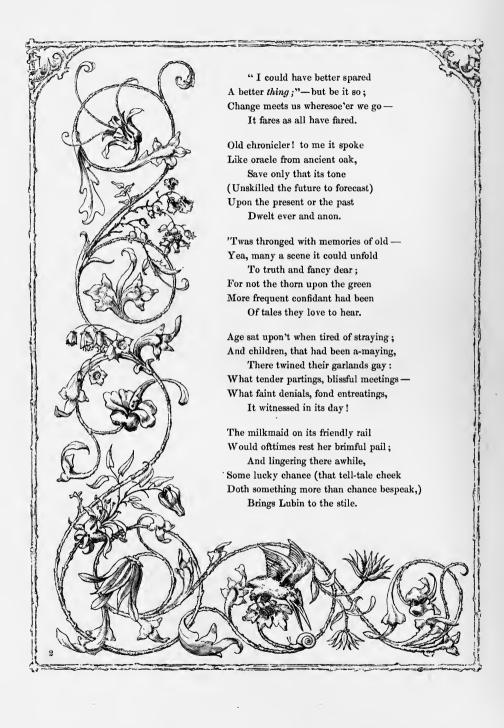


Subjects.		Artists.	Engrabers.	Page
THE VILLAGE STILE	Two .		W. J. LINTON THOMPSON	1
LADY MARY	Two .	W. DYCE	C. GRAY	. 4, 5
Тне Вискет	One .	T. CRESWICK	W. J. LINTON	6
Cowper on his Mother's Picture	Four .	J. C. Horsley .	C. GRAY	. 7-10
A TALE OF THE COAST-GUARD	One .	R. REDGRAVE	W. J. LINTON	11
SIR ROLAND GRAEME	Two .	H. C. SELOUS	W. C. BLANCHARD W. J. LINTON	15
THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE	One .	J. FRANKLIN	T. Armstrong .	21
THE MOURNER	Two .	J. C. Horsley	T. THOMPSON	. 22, 24
THE MINER	Two .	H. J. TOWNSEND	C. GRAY	. 25, 28
LITTLE MARY AND THE CATECHISM	Two .	F. R. PICKERSGILL.	C. DALZIEL	. 29, 31
John Anderson, my jo	Two .	C. W. COPE	W. J. LINTON	32
Song of the Brave Man	Two .	J. TENNIEL, JUN	F. Branston W. Green	33
OLD FATHER MARTIN	One .	J. FRANKLIN	W. GREEN	41
THE HIGHLAND SHEPHERD	One .	C. H. WEIGALL	W. J. LINTON	52
The Death of the Brave $$ . $$ .	Two .	F. R. PICKERSGILL .	W. J. Linton	53
Lucy's Flittin'	Two .	F. W. Торнам	W. J. LINTON	. 61, 62
THE BOATIE ROWS	One .	C. H. WEIGALL	W. J. LINTON	63
THE LOVER	One .	J. C. Horsley	C. GRAY	64
A CHRIST-CROSS RHYME	One .	W. DYCE	C. GRAY	65
THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN	Two .	H. C. SELOUS	C. GRAY	. 71, 79
The Prince and the Outlaw	Six .	J. TENNIEL, JUN	C. GRAY	. 81-84
TIME	One .	C. W. COPE	T. THOMPSON	88
A CHILD'S ANSWER	One .	R. REDGRAVE	C. GRAY	89
THE MUPPIN-MAN	One .	J. W. ARCHER	W. J. LINTON	96
CUMNOR HALL	Two .	J. C. Horsley	T. THOMPSON	98, 102
I SAW THEE, DARLING BABY	One .	F. R. PICKERSGILL.	C. Gray	103
THE MERCHANT AND SARACEN LADY	Nine .	E. CORBOULD	W. J. LINTON	105-113
THE SERENADE	One .	C. W. COPE	T. Thompson	114
The Hermit	Two .	F. R. PICKERSGILL.	W. J. LINTON	115, 122

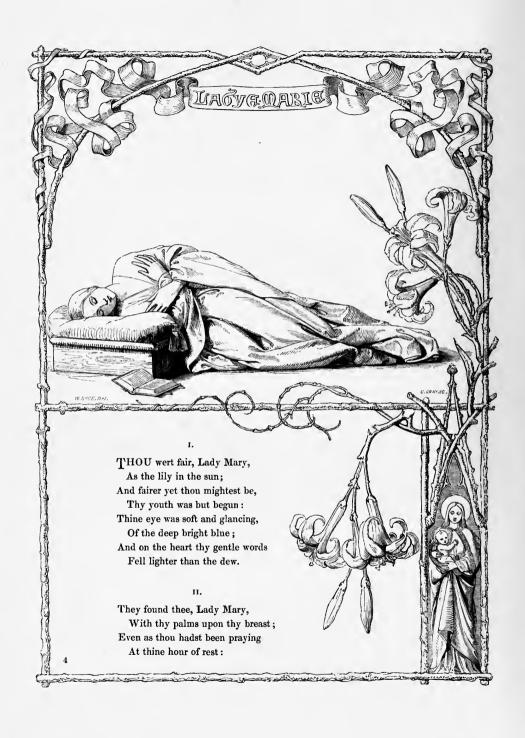
Subjects.		Artists.	Engrabers. Page
THE SPINNING MAIDEN'S CROSS	Three	W. DYCE	C. GRAY 125, 127
THE SHIPWRECKED SOLITARY'S SONG	Two .	F. R. PICKERSGILL.	W. J. LINTON 132, 133
Power of Maternal Piety	Two .	C. W. COPE	C. GRAY 138, 139
THE NIGHTINGALE	Two .	G. Dodgson	W. J. LINTON 140, 141
ABRA, OR THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.	Two .	C. H. WEIGALL	W. G. MASON 145, 147
Admiral Collingwood	One .	E. Duncan	W. J. Linton 152
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH	One .	E. CORBOULD	W. J. LINTON 155
THE GLOVE	One .	J. FRANKLIN	W. J. LINTON 159
LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF	One .	J. TENNIEL, JUN	J. BASTIN 161
THE BIG BELL AND LITTLE BELL .	One .	W. C. THOMAS	C. GRAY 162
KING ARTHUR'S LAST TOURNAMENT	Two .	H. C. SELOUS	C. GRAY 165, 174
J. W. AND HIS SISTER	One .	F. R. PICKERSGILL.	W. J. LINTON 177
THE WILD HUNTSMAN	Three	E. CORBOULD	J. BASTIN, G. DAL 179 ZIEL, C. GRAY. 182, 186
THE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN	One .	J. FRANKLIN	C. Gray 190
A MOTHER'S DAY-DREAM	One .	F. R. PICKERSGILL.	G. DALZIEL 192
GOOD NIGHT	One .	W. C. THOMAS	C. GRAY 199
THE DIVER	One .	J. FRANKLIN	W. J. LINTON 201
THE BARD	Five .	H. C. SELOUS	J. BASTIN 209-214
On a Rivulet	One .	C. W. COPE	T. Thompson 219
I LOVE TO ROAM	Two .	F. R. PICKERSGILL.	G. P. NICHOLLS 222 G. DALZIEL 224
LEONORA	Four .		C. GRAY 225 W. C. BLANCHARD 232
THE BROOKLET	Two .	G. Dodgson	W. J. LINTON 234, 235
Isaac Ashford	One .	C. W. COPE	W. J. LINTON 237
A STORM AT SEA	One .	E. Duncan	W. J. LINTON 240











The cold pale moon was shining
On thy cold pale cheek;
And the morn of the Nativity
Had just begun to break.

ш.

They carved thee, Lady Mary,
All of pure white stone,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
In the chancel all alone:
And I saw thee when the winter
moon

Shone on thy marble check;
When the morn of the Nativity
Had just begun to break.

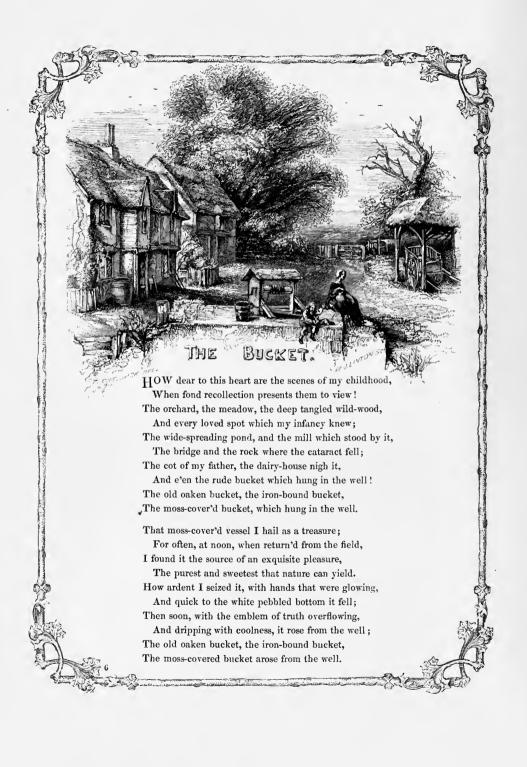
ıv.

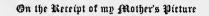
But thou kneelest, Lady Mary,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
Among the perfect spirits,
In the land of rest:
Thou art even as they took thee,
At thine hour of prayer,
Save the glory that is on thee
From the sun that shineth there.

v. We shall see thee, Lady Mary,

On that shore unknown,
A pure and happy angel
In the presence of the throne;
We shall see thee when the light
divine
Plays freshly on thy cheek,
And the Resurrection morning
Hath just begun to break.







OUT OF NORFOLK.



O THAT those lips had language! Life has pass'd With me but roughly since I heard thee last.

Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Bless'd by the art that can immortalise,—
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long;
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:

And, while that face renews my filial grief,

Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief;
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead, Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed? Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son, Wretch even then, life's journey just begun? Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss; Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss-Ah, that maternal smile! It answers-Yes. I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial-day; I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away, And, turning from my nursery-window, drew A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu! But was it such ?- It was. Where thou art gone, Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown. May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore, The parting word shall pass my lips no more. Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern, Oft gave me promise of thy quick return. What ardently I wish'd I long believed, And, disappointed still, was still deceived. By expectation every day beguiled; Dupe of to-morrow, even from a child. Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went, Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent, I learn'd at last submission to my lot; But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more Children not thine have trod my nursery-floor; And where the gardener Robin, day by day, Drew me to school along the public way, Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap; 'Tis now become a history little known, That once we call'd the pastoral house our own Short-lived possession! but the record fair, That memory keeps of all thy kindness there, Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced



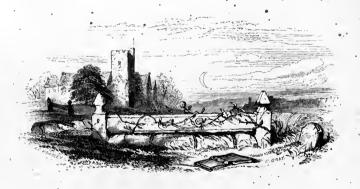


Thy nightly visits to my chamber made, That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid: Thy morning bounties ere I left my home, The biscuit or confectionary plum; The fragrant waters on my cheek bestow'd By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd; All this, and more endearing still than all, Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall, Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks. That humour interposed too often makes:-All this, still legible in memory's page, And still to be so to my latest age, Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay Such honours to thee as my numbers may! Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere, Not scorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,—
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,—
I prick'd them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile);
Could those few pleasant days again appear—
Might one wish bring them—would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart;—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no,—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

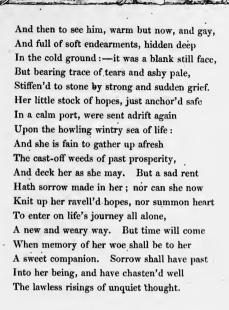
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast (The storms all weather'd, and the ocean cross'd) Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle, Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile; There sits quiescent on the floods, that shew Her beauteous form reflected clear below, Where airs impregnated with incense play Around her, fanning light her streamers gay: So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore. Where tempests never beat, nor billows roat,

And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side. But me, scarce hoping to attain the rest, Always from port withheld, always distress'd,-Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd, Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass lost, And day by day some current's thwarting force Sets me more distant from a prosperous course. Yet, oh, the thought that thou art safe, and he! That thought is joy, arrive what may to me. My boast is not, that I deduce my birth From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth; But higher far my proud pretensions rise-The son of parents pass'd into the skies. And now, farewell! Time unrevoked has run His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done. By Contemplation's help, not sought in vain, I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again; To have renew'd the joys that once were mine, Without the sin of violating thine: And while the wings of fancy still are free, And I can view this mimic show of thee, Time has but half succeeded in his theft-Thyself remov'd, thy power to soothe me left.





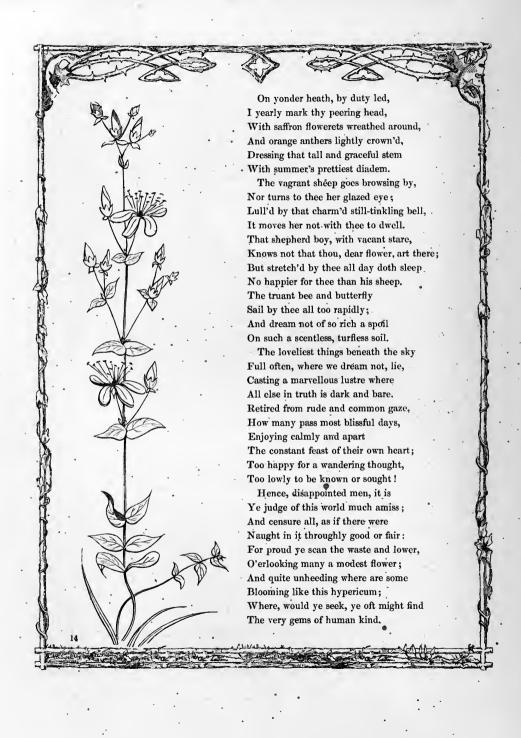
When the bright sun look'd down upon the earth Without a cloud, and all along the shore Twinkled the restless sparkles, he rode by, And passing, offered salutation gay, As one who in the beauty and the warmth Of the most blessed morning bore a part. That day we wander'd, my dear friend and I, Far off along the hills, up perilous paths, Gathering the rock-plants, or with hollow'd hand Scooping the streams that trickled down the dells: Till from a peak we saw the fiery sun Sink down into the sea, and twilight fell; And ere we reach'd our cot, the distant lights Shone from the Cambrian coast, and from the isle Unseen in the mid-channel. From his cot There look'd into the bosom of the bay A steady light; and when we reach'd our home We slept, and thought not of him. In the morn Rumour was busy; and her minister, Our bustling hostess, told how all the night His anxious bride (for one short month ago They gave their troths) had watch'd for his return; How there came by a stranger with his horse, Who answer'd not, when breathless she inquired Where he was left, and why. Many with search, Hopeless and wearisome, toil'd all the day; And when the evening came, upon the beach, Below that awful steep where winds the road Cut in the mountain-side above the sea. They found a cold and melancholy corpse With outstretch'd arms and strangely-gather'd limbs, Like one who died in sudden and sharp pain, And deeply gash'd on either side the brow, The gaping death-marks of a cruel fall. Thou wouldst have wept to see her as she pass'd To snatch her scanty comfort of a look,





## Hopericum pulchrum : St. John's Mort.

ON winter's breast of frost and snow
The diamond icicle doth glow;
On mountain-crag and barren steep
Light's softest hues at evening sleep;
And music's voice doth ever pour
Most sweetly through the midnight hour.
No marvel, then, if thou, bright child,
Art found upon the sun-burnt wild;
If bare and rugged is the home
Thou call'st thine own, Hypericum.





And away they bound—the monntain deer Starts at their helmets' flash;
And away they go—the brooks call out
With a hoarse and a murmuring dash:
The foam flung from their steeds as they go
Strews all their track like the drifting snow.

What foe do they chase? for I see no foe;
And yet all spurr'd and gored
Their good steeds fly—say, seek they work
For the fleet hound or the sword?
I see no foe—yet a foe they pursue,
With bow and brand, and horn and halloo.

Sir Richard spurs on his bonnie brown steed,
Sir Walter on his black;
There are a hundred steeds, and each
Has a Selby on his back;
And the meanest man there draws a brand
Has silver spurs and a baron's land.

The Eden is deep in flood—lo! look

How it dashes from bank to bank!

To them it seems but the bonnie green lea,

Or the vale with brackens rank:

They brave the water and breast the banks,

And shake the flood and foam from their flanks.

The winding and haunted Eske is nigh,
With its woodlands wild and green;
"Our steeds are white with foam; shall we wash
Their flanks in the river sheen?"
But their steeds may be doom'd to a sterner task
Before they pass the woodland Eske.

All at once they stoop on their horses' necks,
And utter a long shrill shout,
And bury their spurs in their coursers' flanks,
And pluck their bright blades out;
The spurn'd-up turf is scatter'd behind,
For they go as the hawk when he sails with
the wind.

Before them, not far on the lilied lea,

There is a fair youth flying;

And at his side rides a lovely maid,

Oft looking back and sighing;

On his basnet dances the heron's plume,

And fans the maid's cheek all of ripe-rose

bloom.

"Now do thy best, my bonnie grey steed.

And carry my true-love over,

And thy corn shall be served in a silver dish,

And heap'd and running over—

Oh, bear her safe through dark Eske's fords,

\*And leave me to cope with her kinsmen's swords!"

Proud look'd the steed, and had braved the flood
Had it foam'd a full mile wider;
Turn'd his head in joy, and his eye seem'd to say,
"I'm proud of my lovely rider:
And though Selbys stood thick as the leaves on the tree,
All scatheless I'd bear thee o'er mountain and lea."

A rushing was heard on the river banks,
Wide rung wood, rock, and linn—
And that instant an hundred horsemen at speed
Came foaming and fearless in.
"Turn back, turn back, thou Scottish loon!
Let us measure our swords 'neath the light of the moon!"

An hundred horsemen leap'd lightly down,
With their silver spurs all ringing,
And drew back, as Sir Richard his good blade bared,
While the signal trump kept singing:
Sir Roland Graeme down his mantle threw
With a martial smile, and his bright sword drew.

"Now yield thee, Graeme, and give me back
Lord Selby's beauteous daughter;
Else I shall sever thy head and heave't
To thy light love o'er the water."
"My sword is steel, Sir Richard, like thine,
And thy head's as loose on thy neck as mine"

And again their dark eyes flash'd, and again They closed—on sweet Eske side The ringdoves sprung from their roosts, for the blows

Were echoing far and wide:
Sir Richard was stark, and Sir Roland was

strong:

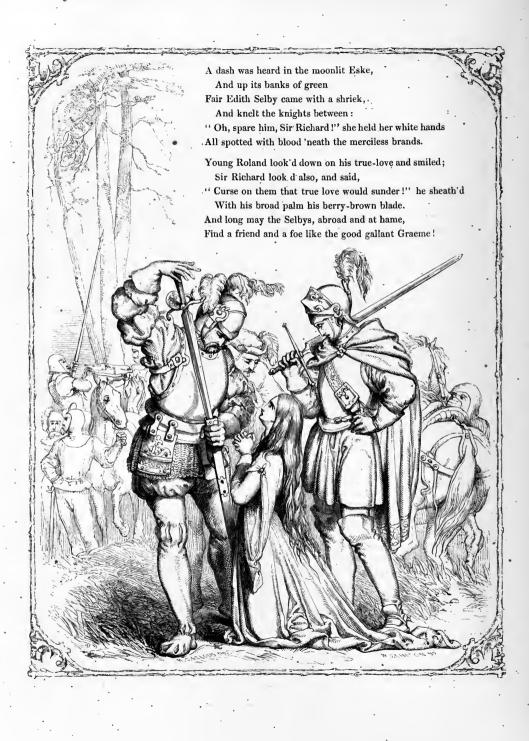
And the combat was fierce, but it lasted on not long.

There's blood upon young Roland's blade,
There's blood on Sir Richard's brand;
There's blood shower'd o'er their weeds of
steel.

 And rain'd on the grassy land;
 But blood to a warrior's like dew to the flower—

The combat but wax'd still more deadly and dour.

D



## To the Mautilus.

WHERE Ausonian summers glowing Warm the deep to life and joyance, And gentle zephyrs nimbly blowing Wanton with the waves, that flowing By many a land of ancient glory, And many an isle renown'd in story, Leap along with gladsome buoyance,-

There, marinere, Dost thou appear, In fairy pinnace flashing, Through the white foam proudly dashing, The joyous playmate of the buxom breeze, The fearless fondling of the mighty seas.

Thou the light sail boldly spreadest, O'er the furrow'd waters gliding; Thou nor wreck nor foeman dreadest. Thou nor helm nor compass needest, While the sun is bright above thee, While the bounding surges love thee, In their deepening bosoms hiding;

Thou canst not fear, Small marinere; For though the tides with restless motion Bear thee to the desert ocean-Far as the ocean stretches to the sky. 'Tis all thine own-'tis all thy empery.

Lame is Art, and her endeavour Follows Nature's course but slowly; Guessing, toiling, seeking ever, Still improving, perfect never. Little Nautilus, thou shewest Deeper wisdom than thou knowest: Love, which man should study lowly, Bold faith and cheer,

Small marinere, Are thine within thy pearly dwelling,-Thine a law of life compelling Obedience, perfect, simple, glad, and free, To the great will that animates the sea.





#### The Fisherman's Wife.

SHE listens—"'Tis the wind!" she cries:
The moon, that rose so full and bright,
Is now o'ercast; she looks—she sighs;
She fears 'twill be a stormy night.

Not long was Anna wed; her mate,
A fisherman, was out at sea:
The night is dark, the hour is late,
The wind is high, and where is he?

"Oh, who would love, oh, who would wed
A wandering fisherman, to be

A wretched lonely wife, and dread Each breath that blows when he's at sea!"

Not long was Anna wed; one pledge
Of tender love her bosom bore:—
The storm comes down, the billows rage;
His father is not yet on shore.

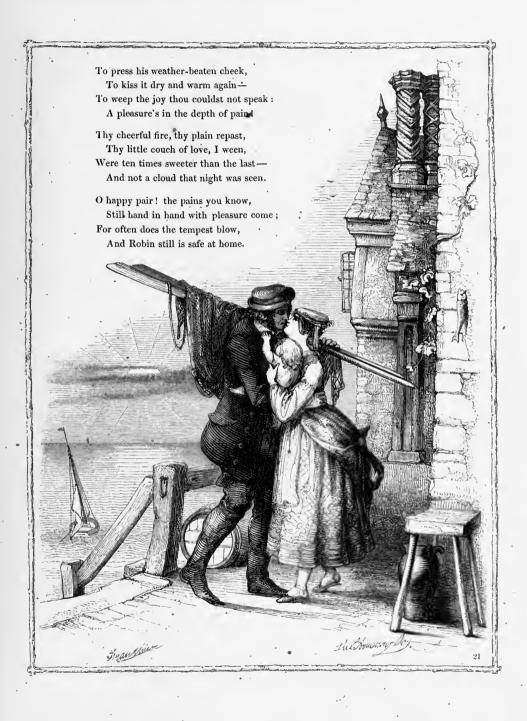
"Oh, who would think her portion blest,
A wandering seaman's wife to be,
To hug the infant to her breast,
Whose father's on a stormy sea!"

The thunder bursts; the lightning falls;
The casement rattles with the rain;
And as the gusty tempest bawls,
The little cottage quakes again.

She does not speak, she does not sigh,
She gazes on her infant dear;
A smile lights up the cherub's eye,
And dims the mother's with a tear.

"Oh, who would be a seaman's wife!
Oh, who would bear a seaman's child!
To tremble for her husband's life;
To weep because her infant smiled!"

Ne'er hadst thou borne a seaman's boy, Ne'er had thy husband left the shore, Thou ne'er hadst felt the frantic joy To see thy Robin at the door;





ES! there are real mourners: I have seen
A fair, sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene;
Attention (through the day) her duties claim'd,
And to be useful as resign'd she aim'd:
Neatly she dress'd, nor vainly seem'd t' expect
Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect;
But when her wearied parents sunk to sleep
She sought her place to meditate and weep:
Then to her mind was all the past display'd,
That faithful memory brings to sorrow's aid;
For then she thought on one regretted youth,
Her tender trust, and his unquestion'd truth;
In every place she wander'd where they'd been,
And sadly sacred held the parting scene;
Where last for sea he took his leave—that place

With double interest would she nightly trace; For long the courtship was, and he would say, " Each time he sail'd,—"This once, and then the day." Yet prudence tarried: but when last he went. He drew from pitying love a full consent. Happy he sail'd; and great the care she took, That he should softly sleep, and smartly look : White was his better linen, and his cheek Was made more trim than any on the deck : And every comfort men at sea can know Was hers to buy, to make, and to bestow: For he to Greenland sail'd, and much she told, How he should guard against the climate's cold: Yet saw not danger: dangers he'd withstood. Nor could she trace the fever in his blood: His messmates smiled at flushings in his cheek, And he too smiled, but seldom would he speak : For now he found the danger, felt the pain, With grievous symptoms he could not explain: Hope was awaken'd, as for home he sail'd, But quickly sank, and never more prevail'd.

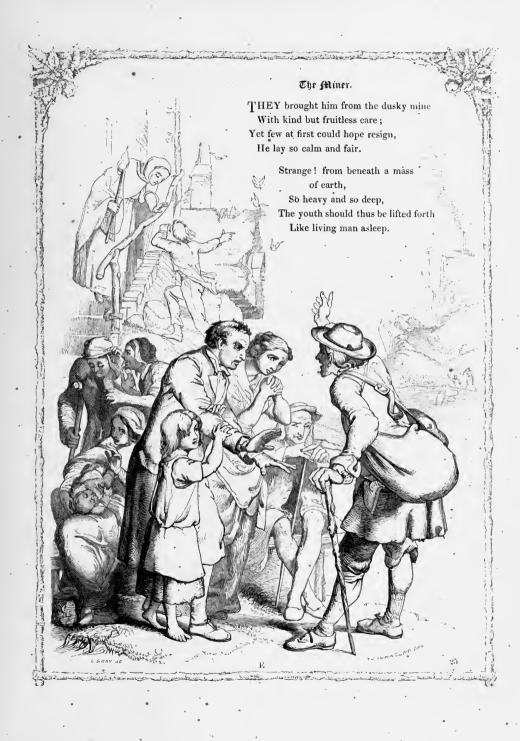
He call'd his friend, and prefaced with a sigh A lover's message—"Thomas, I must die; Would I could see my Sally, and could rest My throbbing temples on her faithful breast, And gazing go!—if not, this trifle take, And say till death I wore it for her sake; Yes! I must die—blow on, sweet breeze, blow on! Give me one look before my life be gone, Oh! give me that, and let me not despair, One last fond look—and now repeat the prayer."

He had his wish, had more. I will not paint
The lovers' meeting: she beheld him faint,—
With tender fears she took a hearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew;
He tried to smile, and, half succeeding, said,
"Yes, I must die;" and hope for ever fled.

Still long she nursed him: tender thoughts meantime Were interchanged, and hopes and views sublime. To her he came to die, and every day She took some portion of the dread away; With him she pray'd, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head:
She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer;
Apart, she sigh'd; alone, she shed the tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.

One day he lighter seem'd, and they forgot The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot; They spoke with cheerfulness, and seem'd to think, Yet said not so-" Perhaps he will not sink:" A sudden brightness in his look appear'd, A sudden vigour in his voice was heard; She had been reading in the Book of Prayer, And led him forth, and placed him in his chair; Lively he seem'd, and spoke of all he knew, The friendly many, and the favourite few; Not one that day did he to mind recall But she has treasured, and she loves them all; When in her way she meets them, they appear Peculiar people-death has made them dear. He named his friend, but then his hand she press'd, And fondly whisper'd, "Thou must go to rest!" "I go," he said; but as he spoke she found His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound! Then gazed affrighten'd; but she caught a last, A dying look of love, -and all was past!





None knew the face, yet was it fair, Not twenty summers old; Around the snowy brow the hair Fell thick in curls of gold.

That earth from taint of all decay

Mortality can screen;

And who might guess how many a day

The body there had been?

The crowding miners gather'd round—
Their garb the stripling wore—
But of them all could none be found
Had seen that face before.

Soon every village wife and maid Amid the tumult press'd, Each trembling lest the comely dead Were him she loved the best.

His was no form to be pass'd by,
No face to be forgot,
Yet of that thronging company
All own'd they knew him not.

"The spirits of the mine with ease
Can varying shapes assume;
This form may harbour one of these—
No tenant of the tomb."

All scatter'd back, a shapeless dread Turn'd every heart to stone: Mid a wide circle lay the dead, In beauty, all alone. When, peering through the fearful crowd,
A wrinkled woman old
Crept slowly forth, and scream'd aloud
That visage to behold.

The grief in memory fondly nurs'd
For threescore years in vain,
From its long numbing torpor burst
To passion's thrill again.

She was his love! Oh, contrast strange In years, in form, in limb! Life hath on her wrought drearier change Than death has brought on him.

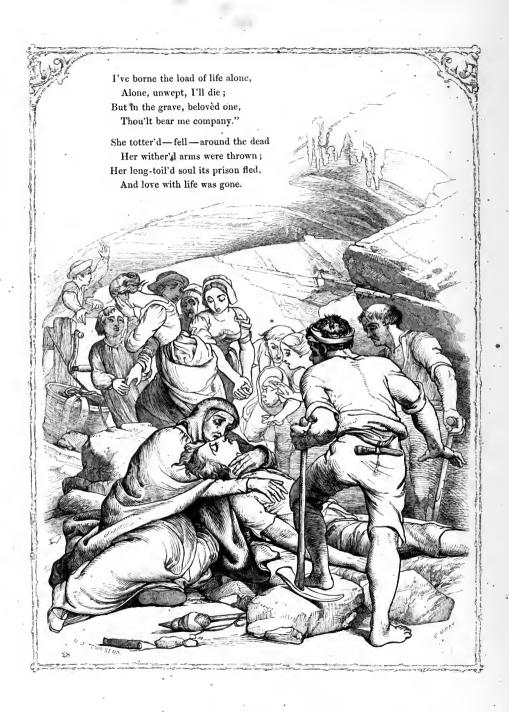
The pitying crowd was moved to ruth,
All felt the sight appalling,
The bitter burning tears of youth
From such old eyelids falling.

" Is this the meeting," she exclaim'd,
" I sought of Heaven so long?

The prayer that night and morn I framed?
Oh, could the wish be wrong!

For threescore years of living death
I've held a fearful strife;
At times mistrusting of thy faith,
At others of thy life.

I have grown old 'mid woes and fears,
Thou'st slept in youth the while;
My cheeks are seam'd with age and tears,
Thou wear'st thine own sweet smile.





One little maiden sat

Beside a cottage-door,

With book on lap, and brow on hand,
Intent to spell its lore.

Rather than play, she chose
Upon its page to dwell;
It was her Catechism-book,
That Mary loved so well.

Of Baptism it told,
In words for children meet;
And, more than all her tasks, she loved
Its answers to repeat.

Though mean her lot on earth,
It told to her was given
A birthright to a fadeless crown,
Inheritor of heaven.

She loved to kneel and say
"Our Father" unto God,
Although her earthly father lay
Beneath the churchyard sod.

Her widow'd mother wore
A brow of anxious thought;
But Mary, with her own glad trust,
To cheer her fondly sought.

To practise all she learn'd,
The little maiden strove;
And, as her Catechism taught,
To succour, honour, love.

In all a child might do

Her willing aid was lent;

And like a sunbeam was her smile

Of innocent content.

And now the floor was swept,

The babe in cradle laid,

And, hard at work, beside her child

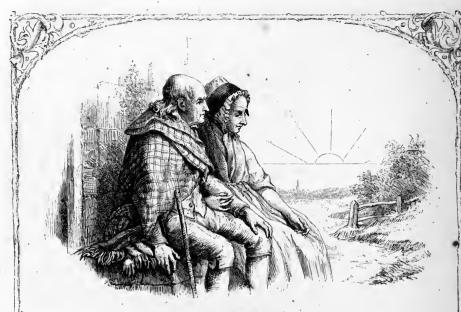
The careful parent stay'd.

The maiden was not miss'd
Until the infant woke;
But then, in loud and angry tone,
The toil-worn mother spoke,—

"Come, Mary, take the child, And put your book away; You go to school, and never think How hard I work all day."

"Oh! but I do, dear mother,"
The little girl replied,
As up she rose at once and laid
Her treasured book aside.

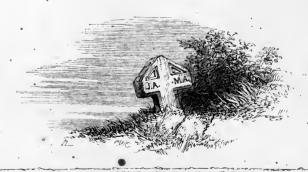


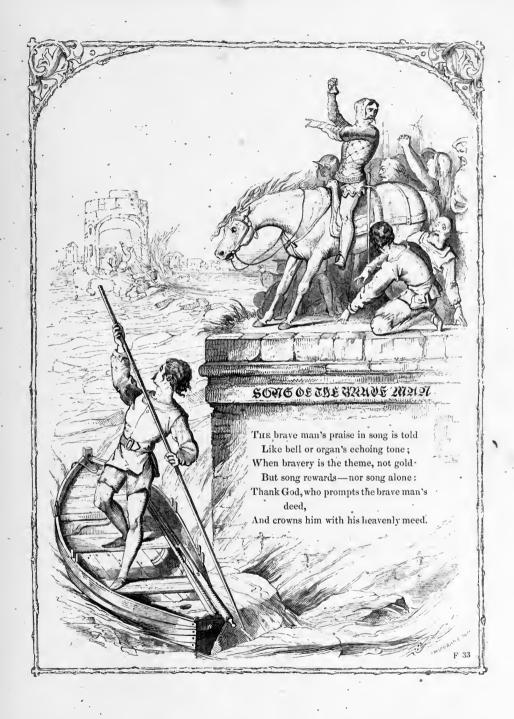


#### John Anderson.

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John, when first we were acquent, Your locks were like the raven, John, your bonny brow was brent; But now your brow is bald, John, your locks are like the snow; But blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John, we clamb the hill thegither, And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither; Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go, And sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson my jo.







The spring-gale swept the southern sea,
And moist o'er fair Italia pass'd:
As from the wolf the cattle flee,
So fled the clouds before the blast;
It pierced the wood, it scour'd the field,
And floods long froze before it yield.
On mountain summits melts the snow,
And countless cataracts resound;
An ocean whelms the vales below;

An ocean whelms the vales below;

The gathering stream o'erleaps the mound;

The gathering stream o erleaps the mound: High dash the waves on every side, And fearful icebergs choke the tide.

On arch and pillar rear'd, and made
Of solid stone, above the flood
A bridge across the stream was laid,
And midway rose a small abode;
Here lived a tollman, child, and wife;
O tollman, tollman, fly for life!

The tempest now more fiercely rang;
Near and more near its tunfult howl'd.
Upon his roof the tollman sprang,
And gazed upon it as it scowl'd:
O gracious God, have pity now—

Who, who can hear and save but Thou!

The icebergs meet, and wildly crash

From either shore, now here, now there;

On every side the waters dash,

And down both arch and pillar tear.

The trembling tollman, child, and wife,

The trembling tollman, child, and wife,
Shriek'd louder than the tempest's strife.
The icebergs thunder'd, fall on fall,
In uproar wild along the shore;

They burst the bridge's shatter'd wall,
Pillar by pillar down they bore:
The havec onward made its way—

" Have mercy, Heaven!" they louder pray.

Aloft, upon the farther brink,
A crowd stands gazing, great and small;
They scream and wring their hands, but shrink
To risk the rescue, one and all.

The trembling tollman, child, and wife, Above the tempest shrick'd for life.

When should resound the brave man's fame
Louder than bell or organ's tone?
In noblest song we'll give his name,
And place it there, aloft, alone.

Destruction is within a span;
Come to the rescue, thou brave man!

A count of noble race and worth
Up gallops on his courser bold.
What in his hand is proffer d forth?
A purse brimful of dazzling gold.
Two hundred pieces are his prize
Who now to help the wretched flies!

Where's the brave man will strive to save?

Is it the count, my song?—O no!

Although the generous count is brave,

A braver on this task must go. Come forth, brave man, advance with speed; Impending ruin speaks thy need.

Higher and higher swells the flood,
Louder and louder roars the wind,
Colder and chiller grows the blood:
Oh, where shall we a saviour find?
Pillar on pillar, arch and wall,
In quick succession crash and fall.

Halloo! halloo! oh, who will fly?

The count the tempting prize uprears.

They hear, they shudder, and they sigh;

But among thousands none appears:

In vain the tollman, child, and wife,

Above the tempest shrick for life.

But, see! a humble peasant now
Starts forth, the noble deed to dare;
Noble and lofty is his brow,
Although his garb is coarse and bare;
He heard the boon proclaim'd anew,
And saw how near destruction drew,



And boldly, in the name of God,
He leapt into a fishing bark,
And o'er the waves triumphant rode
Thro' whirlpool, storm, and billow dark;
But, ah! the boat is far too small
At once to bear and save them all.

But thrice through gulfs he toil'd along

That might the stoutest heart appal;
And thrice with manly sinews strong
Row'd happily to save them all;
And scarcely were they safe and well
When the last tottering ruin fell.

Who is the brave man?—who is he?
Say on, my song, his name unfold.
And did he risk his life to be
The master of that glittering gold?
Had the proud count ne'er shew'd the boon,
Would he have risk'd his life as soon?

"Here," cried the count, "bold-hearted friend,
Receive the prize, now thine to share,
And nobly earn'd!" But list the end.
The count a lofty soul might bear,
But higher feelings swell'd the breast
Of the brave man, so meanly drest.

"My life," he said, "shall ne'er be sold
For sordid pelf—content, though poor.
But to the tollman give your gold—
His all is lost—his lot is sore."
Thus firmly spoke he, inly cheer'd,
Then turn'd his back, and disappear'd.

The brave man's praise in song is told

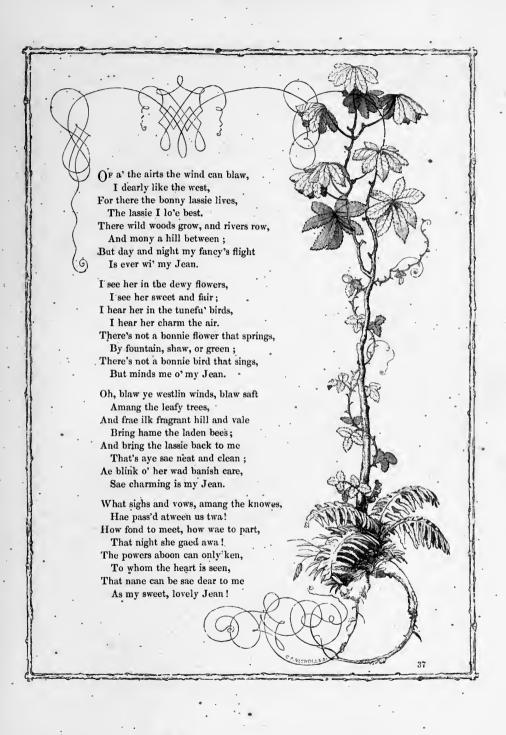
Like bell or organ's echoing tone;

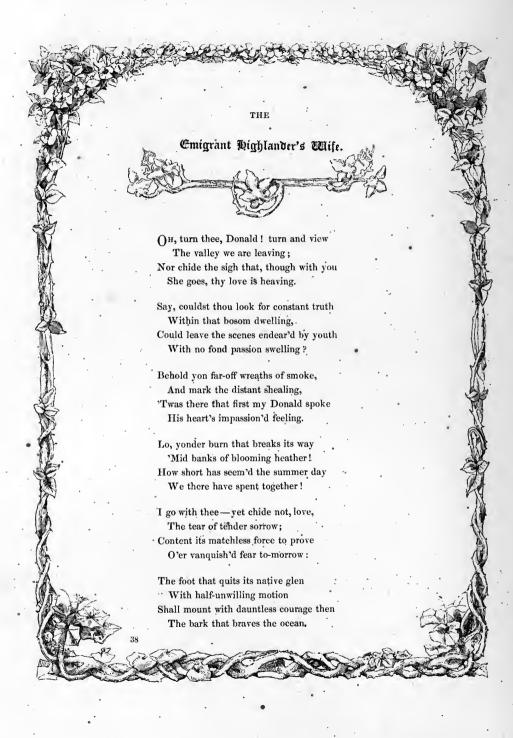
When bravery is the theme, not gold

But song rewards—nor song alone:

Thank God, who prompts the brave man's deed,

And crowns him with his heavenly meed.







# Old Cap, or Cime's Alteration.

When this old cap was new,
"Tis since two hundred year;
No malice then we knew,
But all things plenty were:

All friendship now decays
(Believe me, this is true),
Which was not in those days
When this old cap was new.

The nobles of our land

Were much delighted then

To have at their command

A crew of lusty men,

Which by their coats were known,
Of tawny, red, or blue,
With crests on their sleeves shewn.
When this old cap was new.

Now pride hath banish'd all,
Unto our land's reproach,
When he whose means are small
Maintains both horse and coach;

Instead of an hundred men,

The coach allows but two;

This was not thought on then,

When this old cap was new.

Good hospitality

Was cherish'd then of many;

Now poor men starve and die,

And are not help'd by any;

For charity waxeth cold,

And love is found in few:
This was not in time of old,

When this old cap was new.

Wherever you travell'd then, You might meet on the way Brave knights and gentlemen, Clad in their country grey,

That courteous would appear,
And kindly welcome you:
No puritans then were,
When this old cap was new.

Our ladies, in those days,
In civil habit went;
Broad cloth was then worth praise,
And gave the best content;

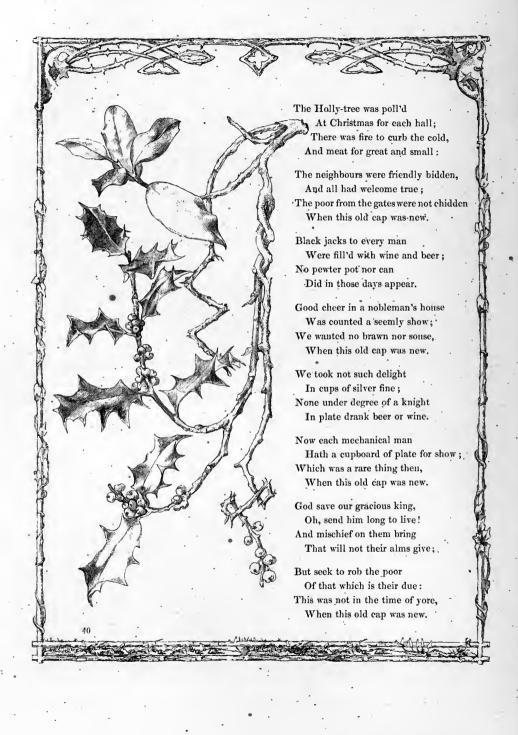
French fashions then were scorn'd;

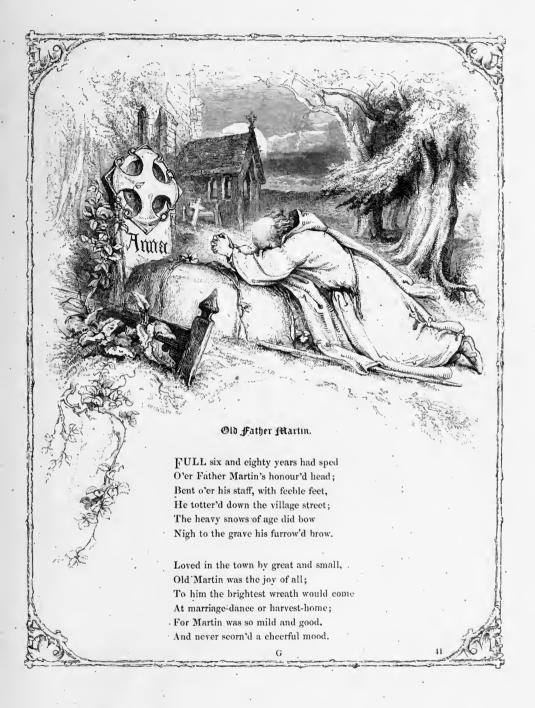
Fond fangles then none knew;

Then modesty women adorn'd,

When this old cap was new.

39







Now husking came: in dance and song The night went merrily along; And there were gather'd great and small, And sang and sprang by moonlight all. But Father Martin stole away To where his kinsmen's tombstones lay.

The night was fair; a quivering breeze Crept softly through the churchyard trees, And murmur'd with a gentle breath O'er the dew-spangled rose beneath, Which, planted by the hand of love, Bloom'd fresh a new-made grave above,

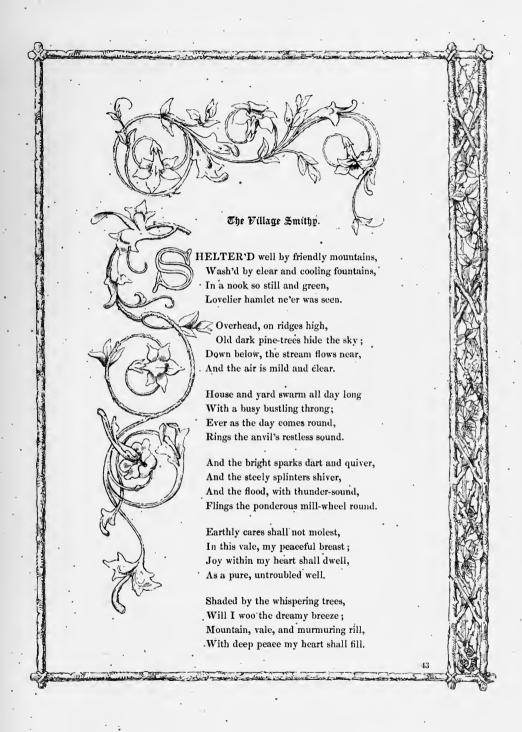
Old Father Martin heaved a sigh,
Look'd upward to the starry sky,
Fell on the grave where Anna slept,
Pour'd out this fervent prayer, and wept:—
"Soothe, gracious God, this broken heart,
And let old Martin too depart!

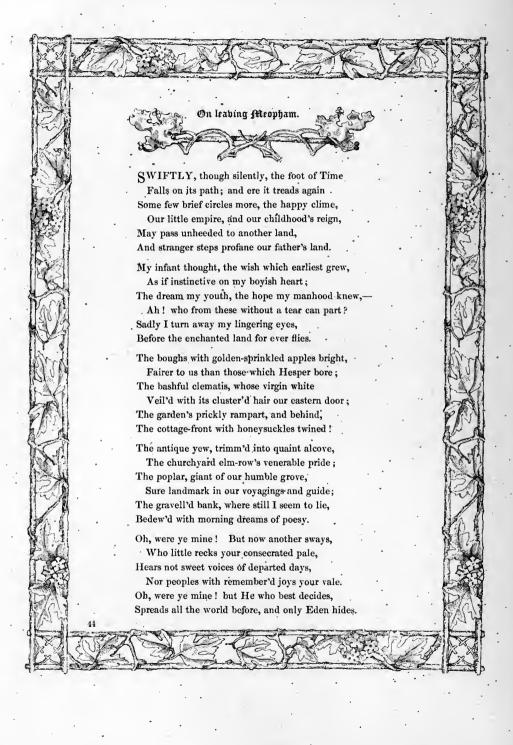
My friends and neighbours all are gone,
And I am left to roam alone,
Weary and lonesome here below—
O God, that I might also go!
My day is o'er; the night is near;
Why, Father, should I linger here?

Ah, I am very weak and old;
My joys are fled, my heart is cold,
My trembling head is silver'd o'er—
Lord, can an old man serve Thee more?
Oh, let me now in peace depart;
Lay in the earth this weary heart!"

And Martin's prayer came to the ears Of the great Ruler of the spheres; He sent his good death-angel down Kindly the old man's prayer to crown, To take his pilgrim-staff away, And in the grave him softly lay.

The angel whisper'd peace and cheer In holy Father Martin's ear; Near him in robes of light did stand, And offer'd him his cold, cold hand. "Kiss me!" the expectant angel cried; Old Martin gave the kiss, and died!







REEF after reef upon its ocean-bed The coral branches forth, and lifts its head, More and more spreads around its woodland caves, Emerging like a palace from the waves, Hardening and reddening in each growing cell. Fit haunt for fabled spirit there to dwell:-Fair-roof'd abodes, crystalline cells and floors, Where shells and living things, old Ocean's stores, Take varied hues, and put on mailed form, Gathering their strength and beauty from the storm. . And yet the while it hath no root on earth, But feeds on air and sea, from whence its birth. Thus habits mould the soul to be a place Wherein may dwell forms of immortal grace; " While thoughts and tempers in the spirit's shrine Grow into shape, and take the life divine;-Born and upraised from the baptismal sea, . And drinking heaven-elastic, stainless, free.

Branch after branch the banyan tree gives birth To daughter-arms, that downward seek the earth, Whose envious branches make a mid-day gloom, And hide the sun;—dun, silent as the tomb, A life-destroying, gloom-embowering cave, A temple for dark spirits of the grave.

Thus evil habits wreathe their snakes around With elephantine trunks, that love the ground, And form a sullen shield against the sky, Hiding from all the soul heaven's genial eye; Where sinful passions brood, and range the shade, And hide them in the gloom themselves have made.



#### The Field of Materloo.

I OOK forth, once more, with soften'd heart, Ere from the field of fame we part; Triumph and sorrow border near, And joy oft melts into a tear. Alas! what links of love that morn Has war's rude hand asunder torn! For ne'er was field so sternly fought, And ne'er was conquest dearer bought. Here, piled in common slaughter, sleep Those whom affection long shall weep; Here rests the sire that ne'er shall strain His orphans to his heart again; The son whom on his native shore The parent's voice shall bless no more; The bridegroom who has hardly press'd His blushing consort to his breast; The husband, whom through many a year Long love and mutual faith endear: Thou canst not name one tender tie But here dissolved its relics lie! Oh, when thou séest some mourner's veil. Shroud her thin form and visage pale, Or mark'st the matron's bursting tears Stream when the striken drum she hears, Or seest how manlier grief suppress'd Is labouring in a father's breast,-With no inquiry vain pursue The cause, but think on Waterloo!

Period of honour as of woes,
What bright careers 'twas thine to close—
Mark'd on thy roll of blood, what names
To Briton's memory and to fame's
Laid there their last immortal claims!
Thou saw'st in seas of gore expire
Redoubted Picton's soul of fire,—
Saw'st in the mingled carnage lie
All that of Ponsonby could die,—
De Lancy change love's bridal-wreath
For laurels from the hand of death,—

Saw'st gallant Miller's failing eye Still bent where Albion's banners fly; And Cameron, in the shock of steel. Die like the offspring of Lochiel; And generous Gordon, mid the strife, Fall while he watch'd his leader's life,-Ah! though her guardian angel's shield Fenced Britain's hero through the field, Fate not the less her power made known. Through his friends' hearts to pierce his own! Forgive, brave dead, the imperfect lay! Who may your names, your numbers say? What high-strung harp, what lofty line, To each the dear-earn'd praise assign, From high-born chiefs of martial fame . To the poor soldier's lowlier name? Lightly ve rose that dawning day-From your cold couch of swamp and clay, To fill, before the sun was low, The bed that morning cannot know. Oft may the tear the green sod steep, And sacred be the heroes' sleep,

Till time shall cease to run;
And ne'er beside their noble grave
May Briton pass and fail to crave
A blessing on the fallen brave

Who fought with Wellington!—
Thou, too, whose deeds of fame renew'd,
Bankrupt a nation's gratitude
To thine own noble heart must owe
More than the meed she can bestow.
For not a people's just acclaim,
Not the full hail of Europe's fame,
Thy prince's smiles, thy state's decree,
The ducal rank, the garter'd knee—
Not these such pure delight afford
As that, when hanging up thy sword,
Well mayst thou think, "This honest steel
Was ever drawn for public weal;
And, such was rightful Heaven's decree,
Ne'er sheath'd unless with victory!"



#### Similes on a Swallow.

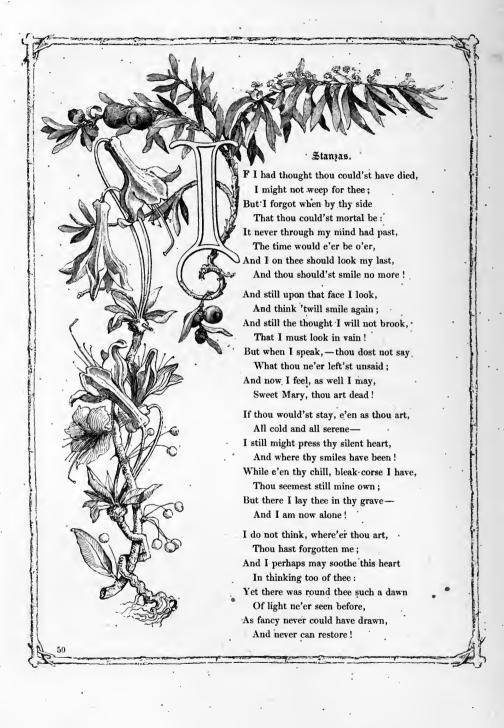
IS like the soul; 'tis like a friend; Like bliss, our being's aim and end; Like life and wealth, like blindness too; But most of all, 'tis like to you. A swallow's like the soul, I say; For why?-its tenement is clay. And life, that busy, bustling thing,-Life, like the bird, is on the wing. Riches 'tis like; for surely they . Have also wings, and fly away. When flatterers fawn to gain their ends, What are they but fair-weather friends? The blind, -the proverb tells you why,-The blind, you know, catch many a fly. For happiness, 'twere easy now To find a rhyme and reason too; But spare the Muse one honest line To paint the lot she wishes thine. When shadowy forms may please awhile, Pleasure may court, or pomp beguile; . But lasting bliss, search where you will; Builds in the chimney-corner still. All this, it seems, is very plain; But why like Ellen?-try again. Can she, who blesses all at home, In foreign climes delight to roam? Can she, who loves the rural cell, In smoke and soot delight to dwell?— Peace with your queries, friend; I trust The likeness still you'll own is just. .. In that sweet month when Nature's hand Perfumes the air, and paints the land, While ling'ring blights our hopes betray, And winter checks the pride of May, Let but the swallow-tribe appear, And summer instant follows there. So when dark clouds deform the sky, Who minds the clouds when Ellen's by? The wintry blast unheeded blows, And summer smiles where'er she goes.

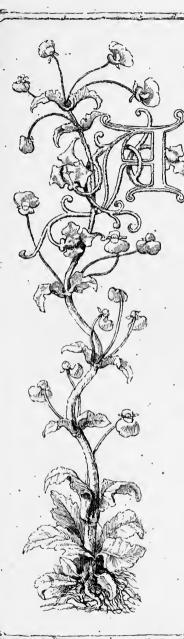




Your task's ended now, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Our bonny bairn's there, Jean;
She was baith guid and fair, Jean,
And we grudg'd her right sair
To the land o' the leal.

My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal.
Now, fare ye well, my ain Jean;
This warld's care is vain, Jean;
We'll meet and aye be fain
In the land o' the leal.





## The Poor Man's Song.

POOR man's lot, please Heaven, is mine;
I roam the world alone;
And, could I only not repine,
The world were all mine own.
Once in my parents' house I play'd,
A joyous, thoughtless boy;
But since those friends in dust were laid,
I've felt no ray of joy.

I see the rich man's garden shine,
The golden harvest glow;
Alas! the barren road is mine,
Where toil and sorrow go.
And yet, while thus I journey on
Amid the joyous throng,
And wish good day to every one,
Though grief hath seal'd my tongue,—

My bounteous God, how can I say
I wander joyless here,
When Thou hast strew'd the world's highway
With blessings all so dear?
Doth not each lowliest hamlet rear
A holy house to Thee;
Where organ-peal greets every ear,
And choral melody?

Sun, moon, and stars, with their mild glow,
Smile not the less on me;
And when the evening-bell peals low,
Then, Lord, I speak with Thee.
And when, at length, each worthy guest
Shall to Thy courts repair,
Then, in the wedding-garment drest,
I too Thy feast may share.

# The Mighland Shepherd.

WHEN red hath set the beamless sun Through heavy vapours dark and dun; When the tired ploughman, dry and warm, Hears, half asleep, the rising storm 'Hurling the hail and sleeted rain Against the casement's tinkling pane; The sounds that drive wild deer and fox To shelter in the brake and rocks, Are warnings which the shepherd ask To dismal and to dangerous task. Oft he looks forth and hopes in vain The blast may sink in mellowing rain; Till dark above, and white below, Decided drives the flaky snow, — And forth the hardy swain must go.

Long, with dejected look and whine, To leave the hearth his dogs repine; Whistling and cheering them to aid, Around his back he wreathes the plaid: His flock he gathers and he guides To open downs and mountain-sides, Where fiercest though the tempest blow, Less deeply lies the drift below. . The blast that whistles o'er the fells Stiffens his locks to icicles: Oft he looks back, while, streaming far, His cottage-window seems a star; Loses its feeble gleam, and then Turns patient to the blast again, And facing to the tempest's sweep, Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep. If fails his heart, if his limbs fail, Benumbing death is in the gale; His path, his land-marks all unknown, Close to the hut no more his own, Close to the aid he sought in vain, The morn may find the stiffen'd swain: The widow sees at dawning pale, His orphans raise their feeble wail; And close beside him in the snow, Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe, Couches upon his master's breast, And licks his cheek to break his rest.





## On the Death of the Brabe.

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest By all their country's wishes blest! When Spring, with dewy fingers cold, Returns to deck their hallow'd mould, She there shall dress a sweeter sod Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.



53

## The Ringers of Lancell's Cower.

[THEY RANG AT THE ACCESSION OF GEORGE III., AND ALL LIVED TO RING AGAIN ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS REIGN.]

THEY meet once more, that ancient band,
With furrow'd cheek and failing hand,
One peal to-day they fain would ring—
The jubiles of England's King!

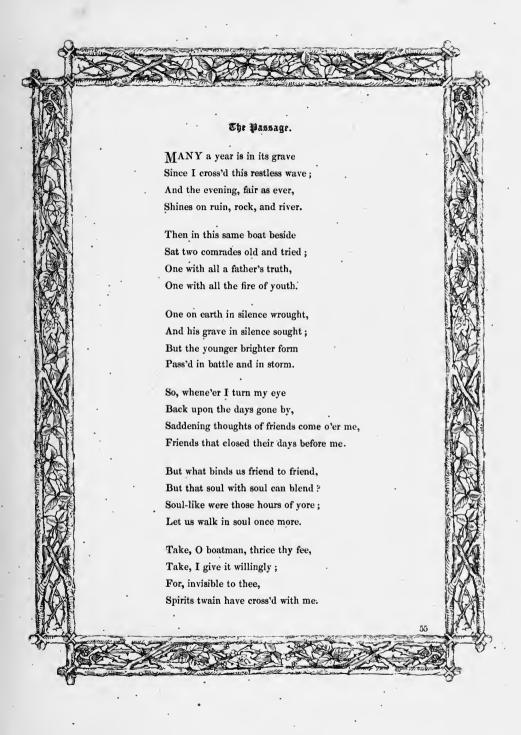
They meet once more: but where are now The sinewy arm, the laughing brow, The strength that hail'd, in happier times, King George the Third with lusty chimes?

Yet proudly gaze on that lone tower— No goodlier sight hath hall or bower; Meekly they strive, and closing day Gilds with soft light their locks of gray.

Hark—proudly hark! with that true tone
They welcomed him to land and throne;
So ere they die they fain would ring
The jubilee of England's King.

Hearts of old Cornwall, fare ye well!

Fast fade such scenes from field and dell:
How wilt thou lack, my own dear land,
Those trusty arms, that faithful band!





WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave;
Or, beneath the shelt'ring rock,
Bide the surging billows' shock.

Conscious blushing for our race, Soon, too soon, your fears I trace. Man, your proud usurping foe, Would be lord of all below; Plumes himself in freedom's pride, Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle from the cliffy brow, Marking you his prey below, In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels.
But man, to whom alone is given
A ray direct from pitying Heaven,
Glories in his heart humane,
And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage liquid plains,
Only known to wand ring swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways;
All on nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his powers you scorn,
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.





"MAN goeth forth" with reckless trust
Upon his wealth of mind,
As if in self a thing of dust
Creative skill might find;
He schemes and toils; stone, wood, and ore,
Subject or weapon of his power.

By arch and spire, by tower-girt heights,
He would his boast fulfil;
By marble births, and mimic lights,—
Yet lacks one secret still:
Where is the master-hand shall give
To breathe, to move, to speak, to live?

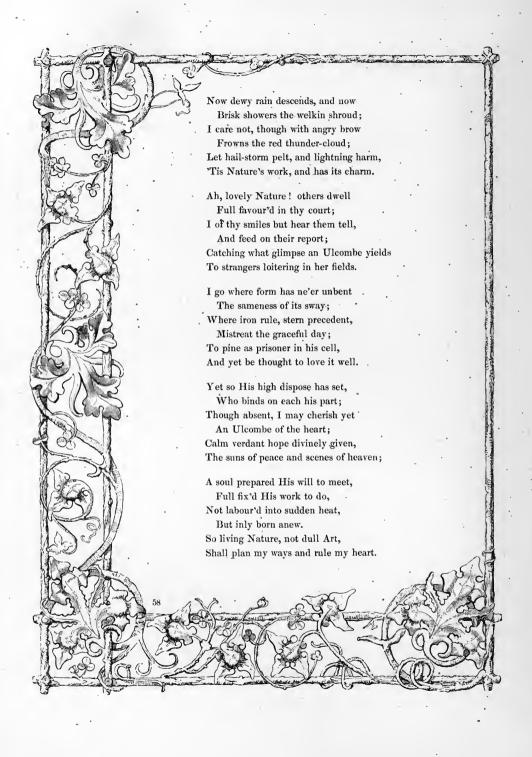
Oh, take away this shade of might,
The puny toil of man,
And let rich Nature in my sight
Unfold her varied plan;
I cannot bear those sullen walls,
Those eyeless towers, those tongueless halls.

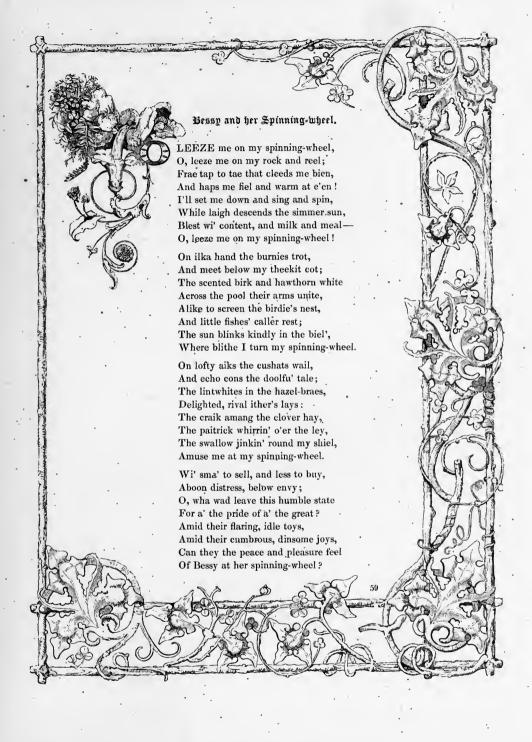
Art's laboured toys of highest name
Arc nerveless, cold, and dumb;
And man is fitted but to frame
A coffin or a tomb;
Well suit, when sense is pass'd away;
Such lifeless works the lifeless clay.

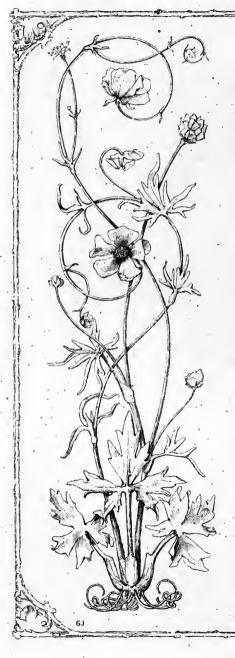
Here let me sit, where wooded hills
Skirt you far-reaching plain;
While cattle bank its winding rills,
And suns embrown its grain:
Such prospect is to me right dear,
For freedom, health, and joy are here.

There is a spirit ranging through
The earth, the stream, the air;
Ten thousand shapes, garbs ever new,
That restless One doth wear;
In colour, seent, and taste, and sound,
The energy of life is found.







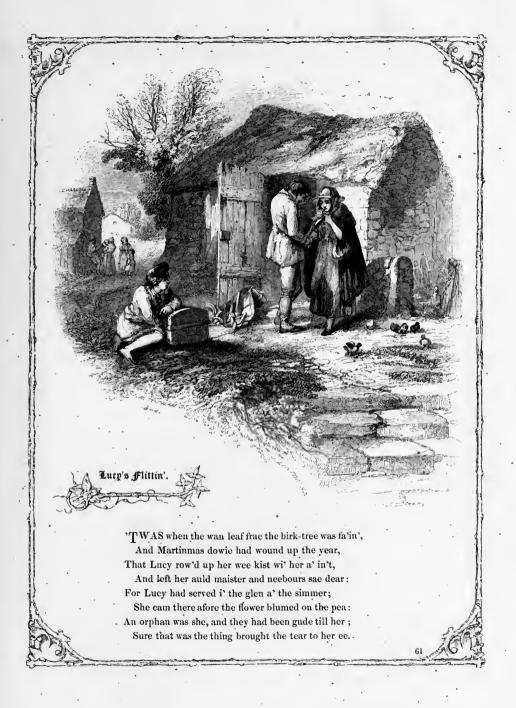


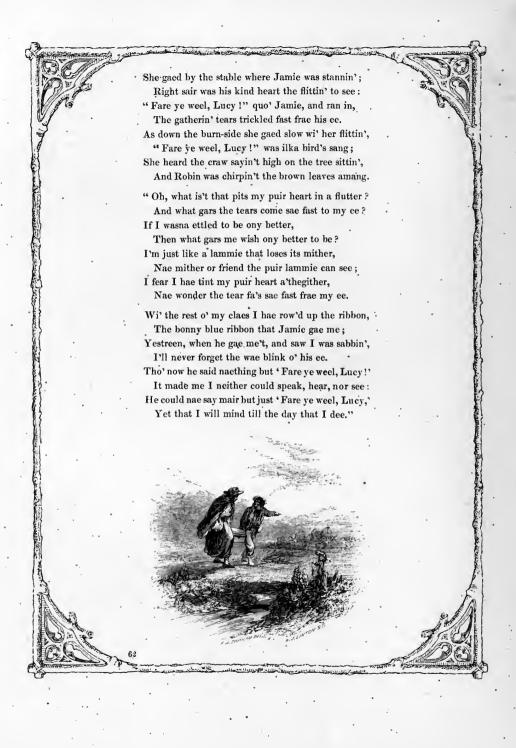
## The Butterrups.

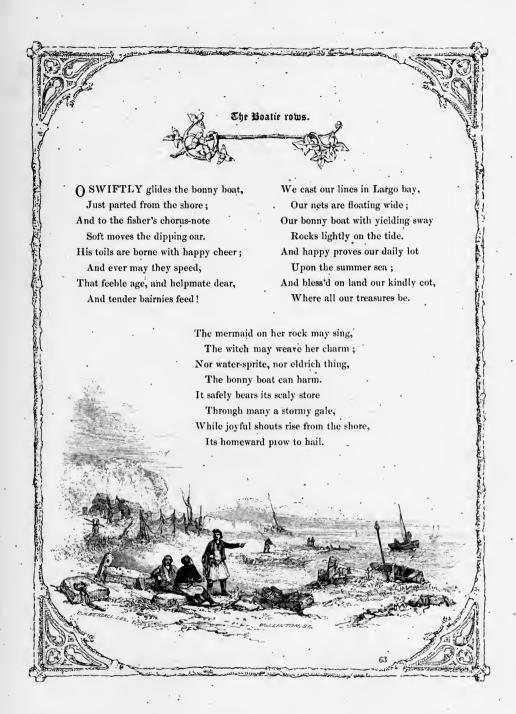
WE are of the happy few, Prized or not, a cheerful crew; O'er the meadow's kindred green Still in happy consort seen, Casting round our own glad light, Making day to flowers at night,-Ours is native cheerfulness; Man, we ask not thy caress: .Glittering as for pride or show-'Tis our nature to be so. Call us gaudy, call us fine,-Be it, to an eye like thine; Fair He deems our finery, That created us and thee! He it is uplifts our heads. Stars of these late-dreary meads. And bids us our garland fling Round about the brow of Spring, When she dresses her so bright, All at sport for Winter's flight.

Ye who pass with critic-brow,
And whose blunted spirits now
Feel for us no sympathy—
Was it thus in infancy,
When your childish footsteps trod
First of all the grassy sod?
Then old nurse could hardly stay
Her entranced runaway;
Then bright king-cups wouldst thou pull
Till thy tiny hands were full,
And thine innocent heart and eyes
Glow'd and beat of paradise.

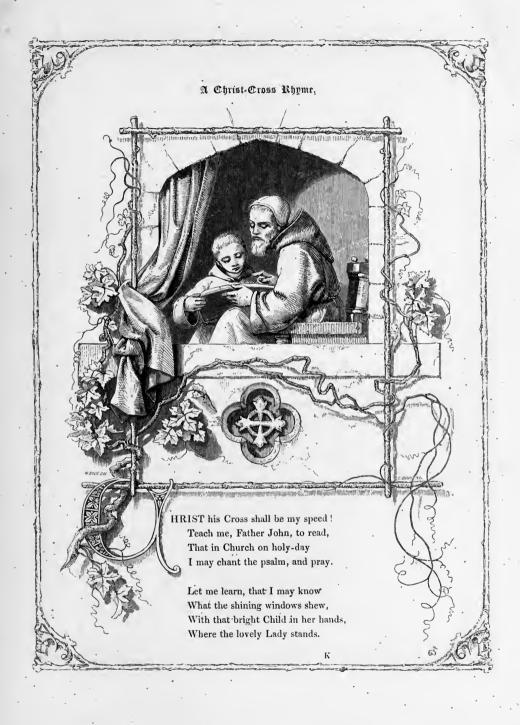
Go, unlearn the ways of men,
Be a little child again;
Doff thy manish pride and shame,
That dare to call these pleasures tame;
Taste, unspoil'd of miscall'd lore,
Joys that laugh about thy door.
Yes! at sight of flowers, with glee
Dance in childhood's ecstacy;
Drink fresh draughts of pleasure up
Still from the homely buttercup;
And let pure enjoyments be
Fountains of staid bliss to thee!

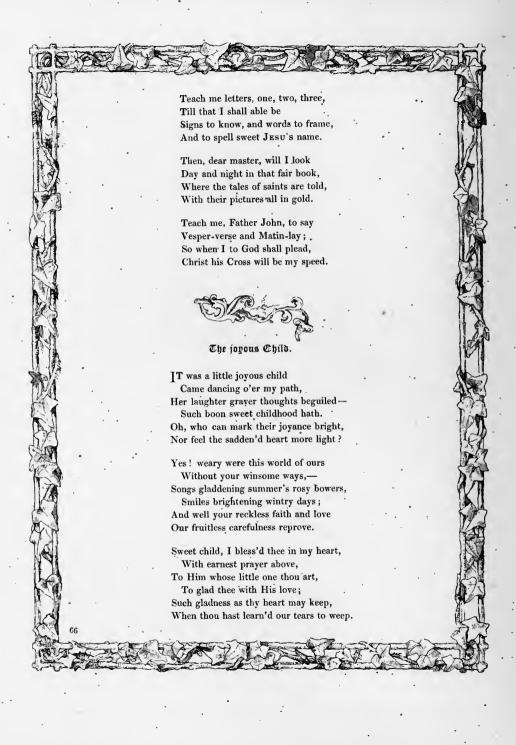


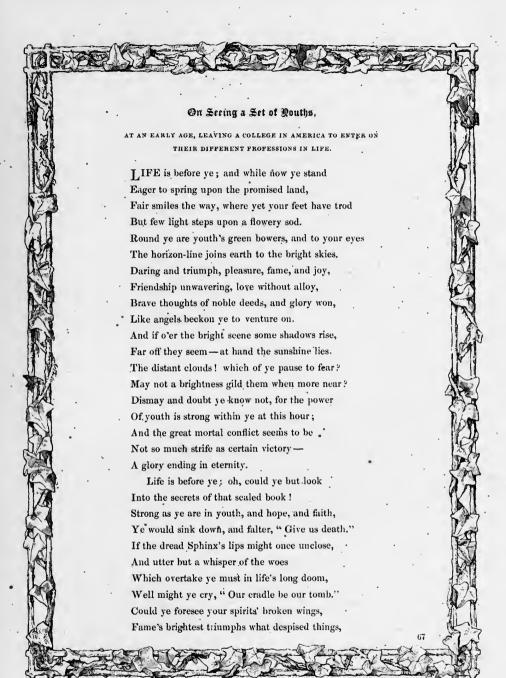


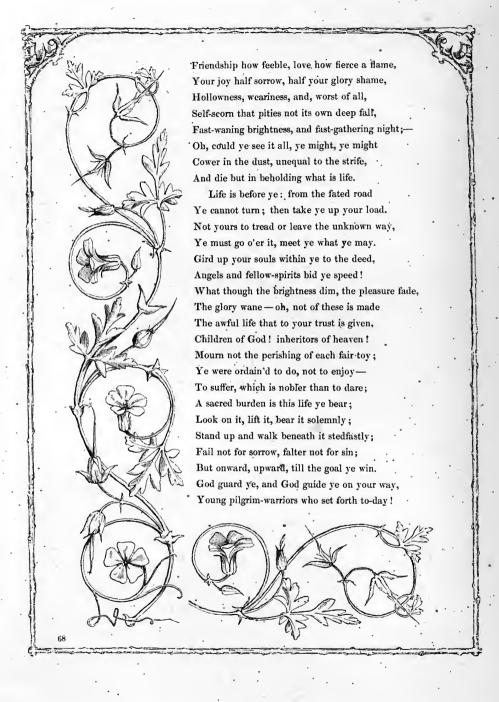








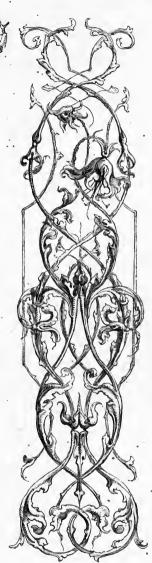


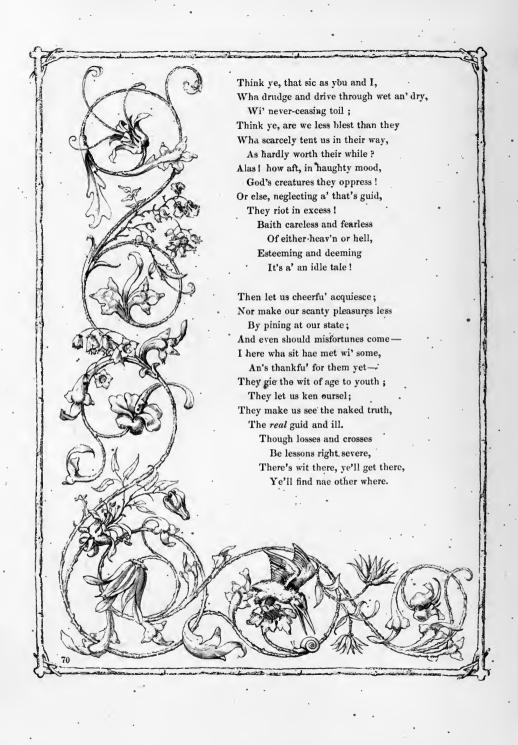


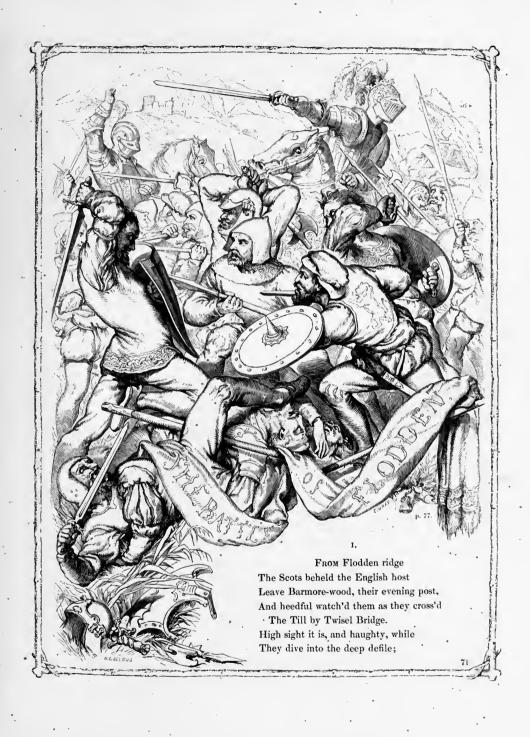


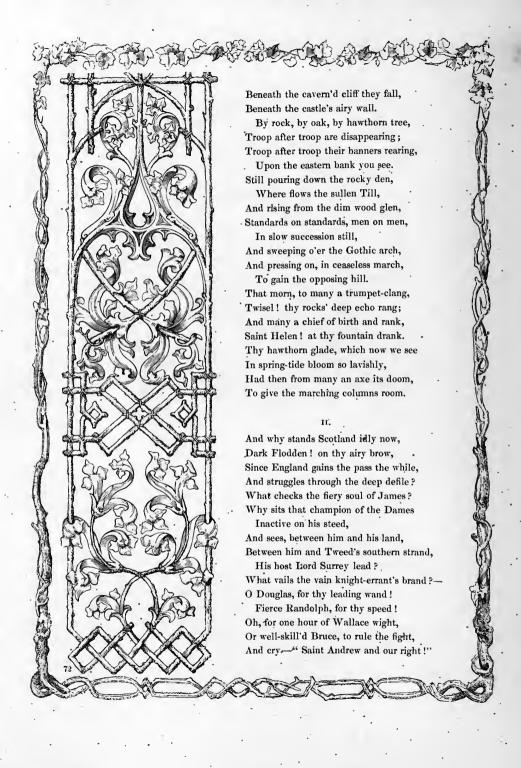
WHAT though, like commoners of air,
We wander out we know not where,
But either house or hal'?
Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.
In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound
To see the coming year;
On braes when we please, then,
We'll sit and sowth a tune;
Syne rhyme till't, we'll time till't,
And sing't when we hae done.

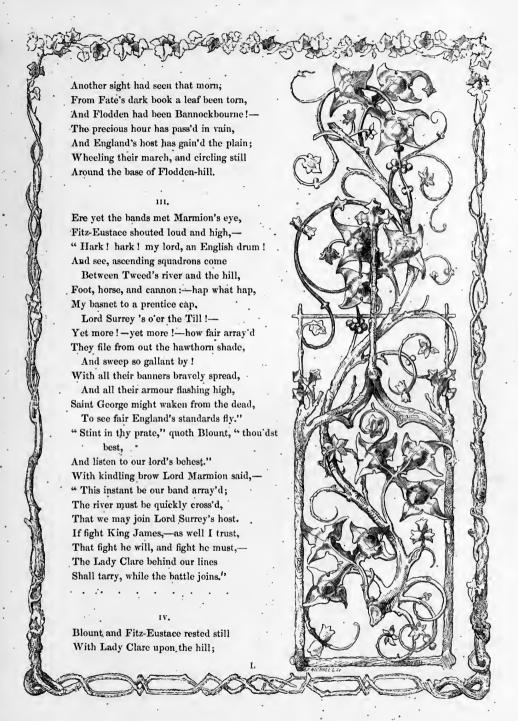
It's no in titles nor in rank,
It's no in wealth-like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in makin muckle mair;
It's no in books; it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest;
If Happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest:
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang;
The heart ay's the part ay
That makes us right or wrang.













On which (for far the day was spent) The western sunbeams now were bent. The cry they heard, its meaning knew, Could plain their distant comrades view: Sadly to Blount did Eustace say, "Unworthy office here to stay! No hope of gilded spurs to-day. But, see! look up -on Flodden bent, The Scottish foe has fired his tent." And sudden, as he spoke, From the sharp ridges of the hill, All downward to the banks of Till, Was wreath'd in sable smoke; Volumed and vast, and rolling far, The cloud enveloped Scotland's war. As down the hill they broke; Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone, Announced their march; their tread alone, At times one warning trumpet blown, At times a stifled hum, Told England, from his mountain-throne King James did rushing come. Scarce could they hear or see their foes Until at weapon-point they close. They close, in clouds of smoke and dust, With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust; And such a yell was there, Of sudden and portentous birth, As if men fought upon the earth, And fiends in upper air. Long look'd the anxious squires: their eve Could in the darkness nought descry.

At length the freshening western blast Aside the shroud of battle cast; And, first, the ridge of mingled spears Above the brightening cloud appears; And in the smoke the pennons flew, As in the storm the white sea-mew.

Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave,

But nought distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flash'd amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.

Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight;

Although against them come,
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Highlandman,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntly, and with Home.

VI.

Far on the left, unseen the while, Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle; Though there the western mountaineer Rush'd with bare bosom on the spear, And flung the feeble targe aside, And with both hands the broad-sword plied: 'Twas vain .- But Fortune, on the right, With fickle smile, cheer'd Scotland's fight. Then fell that spotless banner white, The Howard's lion fell; Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew With wavering flight, while fiercer grew Around the battle-yell. The Border slogan rent the sky! A Home! a Gordon! was the ery; Loud were the clanging blows;





Unbroken, fought in desperate ring. Where's now their victor vaward wing,

Where Huntley and where Home?—Oh, for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,

That to King Charles did come, When Rowland brave, and Olivier, And every paladin and peer,

On Roncesvalles died!

Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
While yet on Flodden side,
Afar, the royal standard flies,
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,

Our Caledonian pride!
In vain the wish; for far away,
While spoil and havoc mark their way,
Near Sibyl's Cross the plunderers stray.

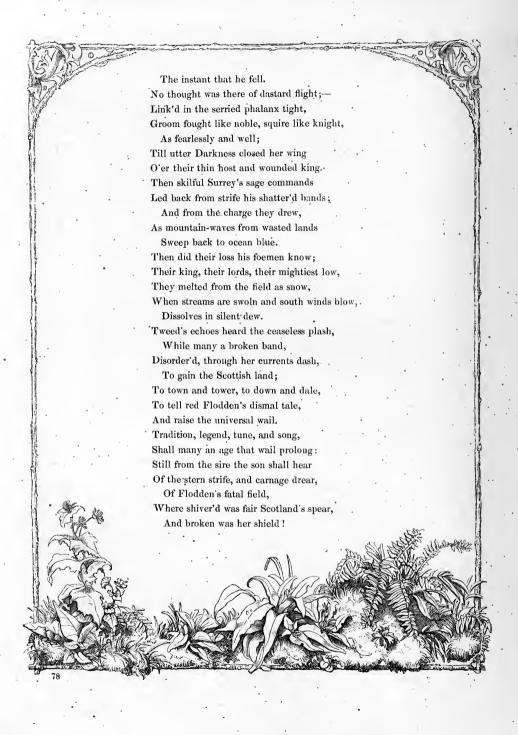
VIII.

More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
In headlong charge their horse assail'd;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought except their king.

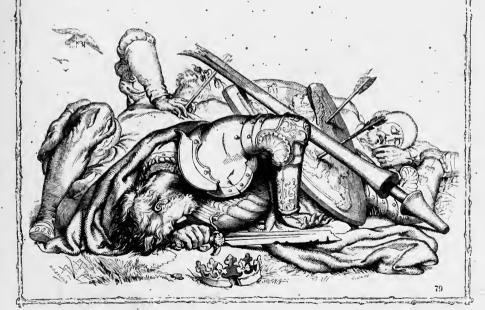
That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;

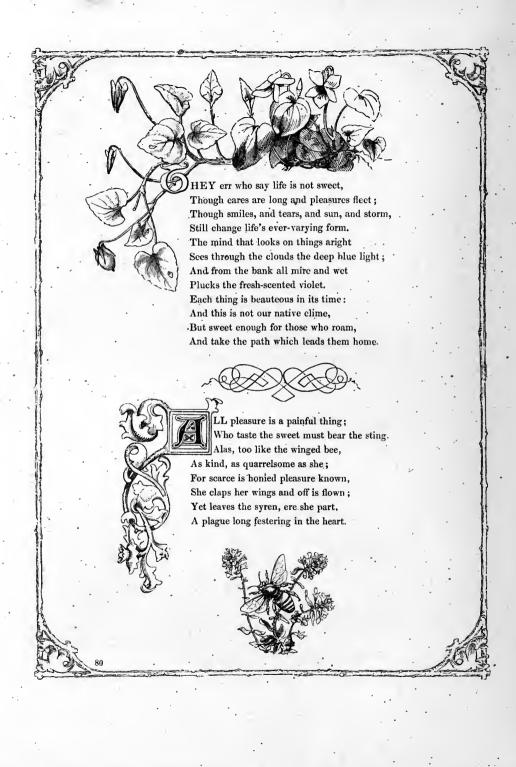
The stubborn spear-men still made good Their dark impenetrable wood, Each stepping where his comrade stood,

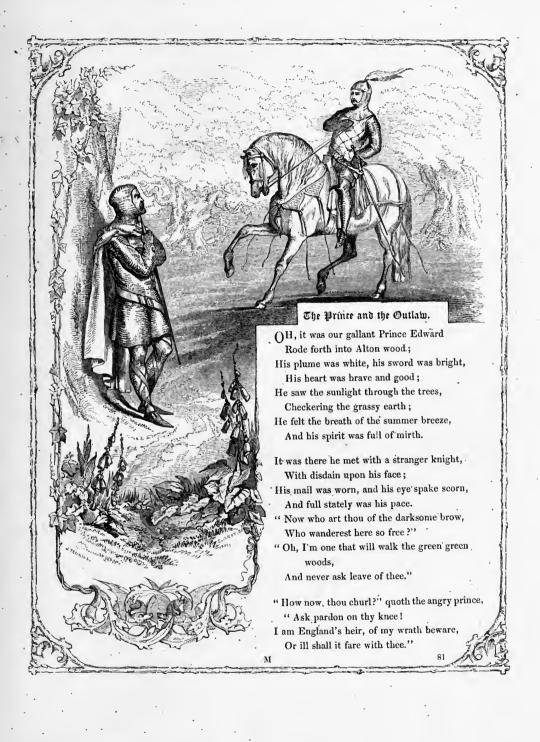




Day dawns upon the mountain's side :-There, Scotland! lay thy bravest pride, Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one; The sad survivors all are gone .-View not that corpse mistrustfully, . Defaced and mangled though it be; Nor to you Border castle high Look northward with upbraiding eye; Nor cherish hope in vain, That, journeying far on foreign strand, . The royal pilgrim to his land May yet return again. 'He saw the wreck his rashness wrought; Reckless of life, he desperate fought, And fell on Flodden plain: · And well in death his trusty brand, Firm clench'd within his manly hand, Beseem'd the monarch slain.









'Art thou England's heir?" quoth the outlaw

"Well, if thy words be true, see not why, such a knight as I Should fear for such as you.

I am Adam de Gordon, a noble free; Perchance thou hast heard my name."

"I have heard it, I trow (quoth the prince), and thou

Art a traitor of blackest fame.

Yield thee to me!" But the outlaw cried,

"Now, if thou knowest not fear,

Out with thy sword! by a good knight's word, I will give thee battle here."

"Come on!" cried that prince of dauntless heart;
"Yet pause while I alight,

For I never will play the craven's part, At odds with thee to fight."

He sprang from his steed, he drew his blade, And a terrible fray began,

The very first stroke that Prince Edward made, Blood from the Gordon ran.

At the second stroke that Prince Edward made, The Gordon fell on his knee;

But he did not kneel to cry for aid—
Of a loftier heart was he.

To his feet he sprang, and the angry clang Of their flashing swords did sound

Far through the green and solemn woods, Stretching in beauty round.

The Gordon is pale, and his strength doth fail, And his blood is ebbing fast,

But the spirit so high, in his flashing eye Is dauntless to the last.

He hath struck the prince on his mailed breast, But the prince laugh'd scornfully;

"Oh, was it the wood breeze stirr'd my vest, Or a leaf from yonder tree?"

There is bitter grief in the Gordon's eye, For he feels his strength depart;

It is not that he fears to die—
To be conquer'd grieves his heart;

He sinks, like a gallant ship o'erthrown By the blast and the driving surf:

"I yield me not!" is his last faint tone, As he falls on the trampled turf.

The prince was proud as a reinless steed— Pride is an evil thing—

But the heart he bore was a heart indeed, Right worthy of a king;

He sheath'd his blade, he sprang to aid The Gordon as he lay.

"Rise up," cried he, "my valorous foe, Thou hast borne thee well to-day."

He kneel'd by his side, he stanch'd the tide Of life-blood flowing free;

With his scarf he bound each gaping wound, And he sooth'd their agony.

He lifted the Gordon on his steed, Himself he held the rein:

"I hold thee," he said, "for a knight indeed, And I give thee thy life again."

There was bitter grief in the Gordon's eye, Not for defeat that grief,

But he wept for his broken loyalty To such a generous chief.

Humbly he bent his knightly head With a changed and gentle brow:

"Oh, pardon! I yield, I yield!" he said;
"I am truly conquer'd now."

Behold how mercy softeneth still
The haughtiest heart that beats;
Pride with disdain may be answer'd again,
But pardon at once defeats.

The brave man felt forgiveness melt

A heart by fear unshaken;

He was ready to die, for his loyalty

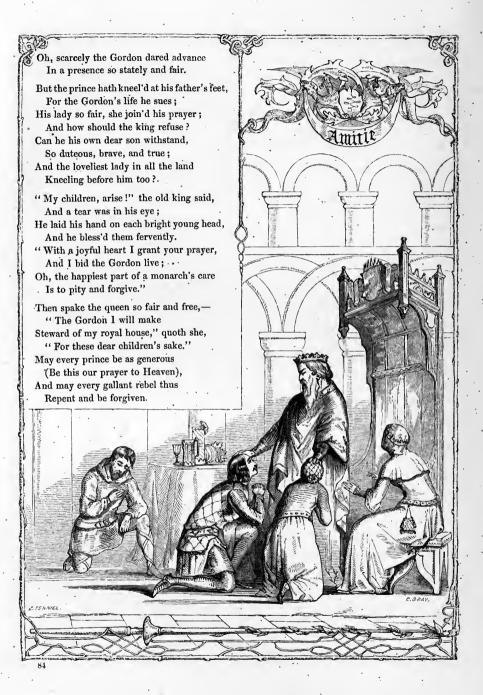
To the prince he had forsaken.

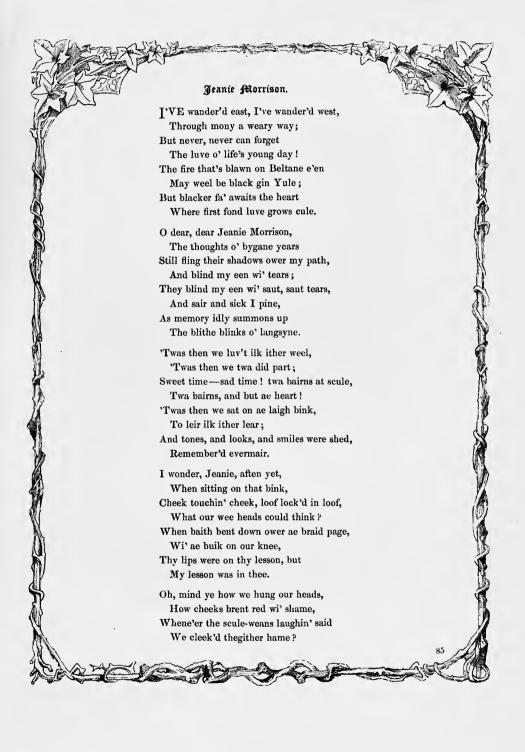
Prince Edward hath brought him to Guilford Tower

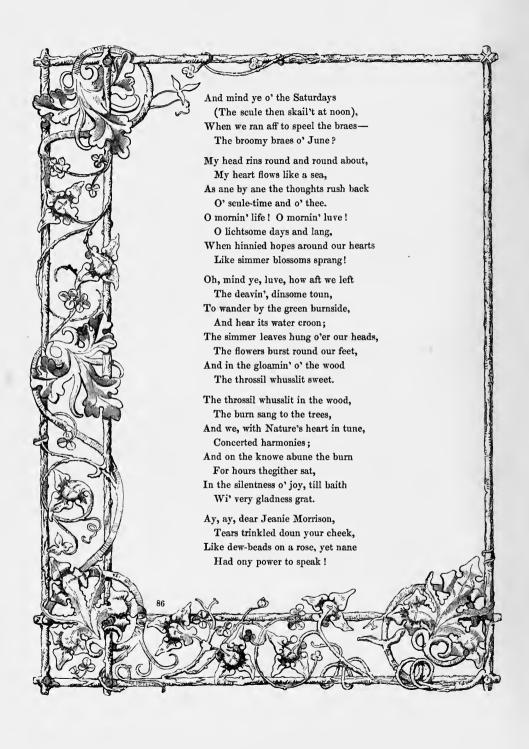
Ere that summer's day is o'er;
He hath led him in to the secret bower
Of his fair wife Alianore;

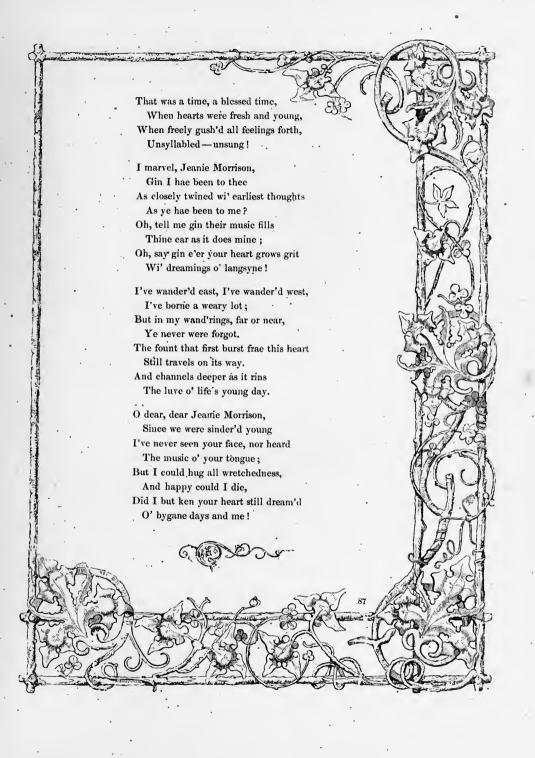
His mother, the lady of gay Provence, And his sire, the king, were there;













"WHY sitt'st thou by that ruin'd (hall,

Thou aged carle so stern and grey? Dost thou its former pride recal, Or ponder how it pass'd away?"

"Know'st thou not me?" the deep voice cried;

"So long enjoy'd, so oft misused; Alternate in thy fickle pride, Desired, neglected, and accused! Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away!
And changing empires wane and wax;
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

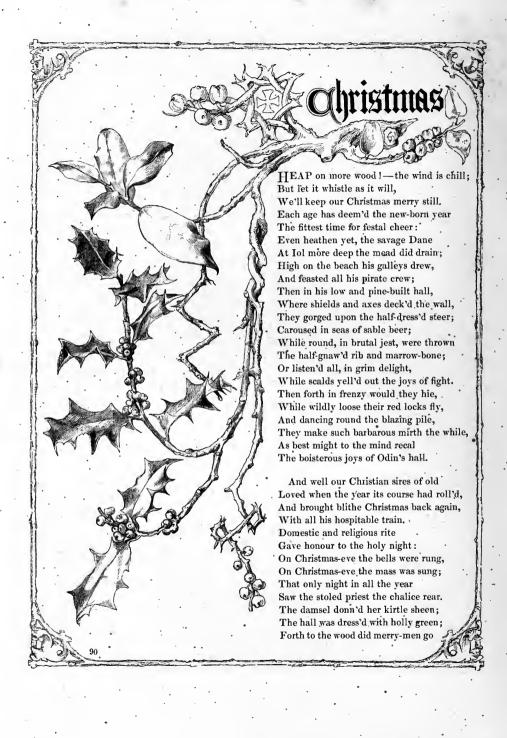
Redeem mine hours, the space is brief,
While in my glass the sand-grains
shiver;

And measureless thy joy or grief,

When Time and thou shalt part for

ever!"



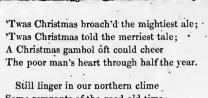




To gather in the mistletoe.

Then open'd wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doff'd his pride;
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village-partner choose;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."
All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied, Went roaring up the chimney wide; The huge hall-table's oaken face, Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace, Bore then upon its massive board No mark to part the squire and lord. Then was brought in the lusty brawn, By old blue-coated serving-man; Then the grim boar's-head frown'd on high, Crested with bays and rosemary. Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell . How, when, and where the monster fell; What dogs before his death he tore, And all the baiting of the boar. The wassel round in good brown bowls, Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely trowls. There the huge sirloin reek'd; hard by Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pve; Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce, At such high tide, her sayoury goose. Then came the merry masquers in, And carols roar'd with blithesome din; If unmelodious was the song, It was a hearty note, and strong. Who lists may in their mumming see Traces of ancient mystery; White shirts supplied the masquerade, And smutted cheeks the visors made: But, oh, what masquers richly dight Can boast of bosoms half so light! England was merry England, when Old Christmas brought his sports again.

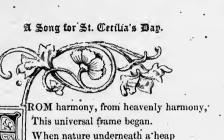


Still linger in our northern clime
Some remnants of the good old time;
And still, within our valleys here,
We hold the kindred title dear;
Even when perchance its far-fetch'd claim
To Southron ear sounds empty name;
For course of blood, our proverbs deem,
Is warmer than the mountain-stream.
And thus my Christmas still I hold,
Where my great-grandsire came of old,
With amber beard, and flaxen hair,
And reverend apostolic air,
The feast and holy-tide to share,
And mix sobriety with wine,
And honest mirth with thoughts divine.



ACROSS my first, with flash and roar,
The stately vessel glides along,
And silent, on the crowded shore,
There kneels an aged crone,
Watching my second's parting smile,
As he looks farewell to his native isle.

My whole comes back to other eyes
With beauteous change of fruit and flowers,
But sad to her are those bright skies,
And dim those joyous bowers;
Alas, my first is dark and deep,
And my second cannot hear her weep!



Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead!
Then cold and hot, and moist and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,

This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony,

Through all the compass of the notes it ran, The diapason closing full in man.

What passion cannot music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the corded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And wondering on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.

What passion cannot music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangour Excites us to arms, With shrill notes of anger, And mortal alarms;



The double, double, double beat Of the thundering drum, Cries, Hark! the fees come; Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

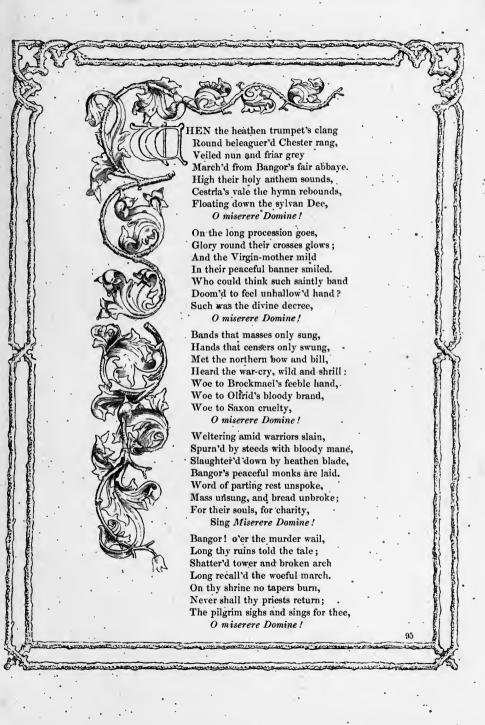
Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frautic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair disdainful dame.

But, oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher,
When to her organ vocal breath was given;
An angel heard, and straight appear d,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

## GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise,
To all the blest above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky.





A LITTLE man, who muffins sold
When I was little too,
Carried a face of giant mould,
But tall he never grew.

His arms were legs for length and size,
His coat-tail touch'd his heels;
His brows were forests o'er his eyes,
His voice like waggon-wheels.

When fallen leaves together flock,
And gusts begin to squall,
And suns go down at six o'clock,
You heard his muffin-call,

Borne in the equinoctial blast, He came and shook his bell; And with the equinox he pass'd, But whither none could tell.

Some thought the monster turn'd to dew When muffins ceased to reign, And lay in buds the summer through, Till muffin-time again;

Or satyr, used the woods to rove,
Or even old Caliban,
Drawn by the lure of oven-stove
To be a muffin-man.



The dwarf was not a churlish elf,
Who thought folks stared to scoff;
But used deformity itself
To set his muffins off.

He stood at doors and talk'd with cooks,

While strangers took his span;
And grimly smiled at childhood's looks
On him, the muffin-mau.

When others fled from nipping frost,
And hid from drenching skies,
And when in fogs the street was lost,
You saw his figure rise.

One night his tinkle did not sound,
He failed each 'custom'd door;
'Twas first of an eternal round
Of nights he walk'd no more.

When borne in arms, my infant eye
Its restless search began;

The nursery-maid was wont to cry, . " See, John the muffin-man."

My path with things familiar spread,
Death's foot had seldom cross'd;
And when they said that John was dead,
I stood in wonder lost.

New muffin-men, from lamp to lamp,
With careless glance I scan;
For none can ever raze thy stamp,
Oh, John, thou muffin-man!

Thou standest snatch'd from time and storm,
A statue of the soul;

And round thy carved and goblin form Past days—past days unroll!

We will not part,—affection dim This song shall help to fan, And memory, firmer bound to him, Shall keep her muffin-man.



AS I roam'd the fields along, Listening to the linnet's song, I beheld an old man there, Toiling hard, with hoary hair.

"Blessings on this field," I cried, "Such a faithful labourer's pride! Blessings on this wither'd hand, Scattering seed along the land!"

Answer'd me his look severe:—
"Poet's blessing boots not here;
Like the wrath of Heaven it falls—
Flowers, not corn, to life it calls."

"Friend, these songs of lighter hours Waken not too many flowers;
Just enough to deck the land,
And fill thy little grandson's hand."



Save an unhappy lady's sighs,

That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester!" she cried, " is this thy love
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immur'd in shameful privity?

No more thou com'st with lover's speed
Thy once-beloved bride to see;
But be she 'live or be she dead,
I fear, stern earl, 's the same to thee.

Not so the usage I received

When happy in my father's hall;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appal.

I rose up with the cheerful morn,

No lark more blithe, no flower more gay;

And like the bird that haunts the thorn,

So merrily sung the livelong day.

If that my beauty is but small,
Amongst court-ladies all despised—
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
Where, scornful earl, it well was prized?

And when you first to me made suit,

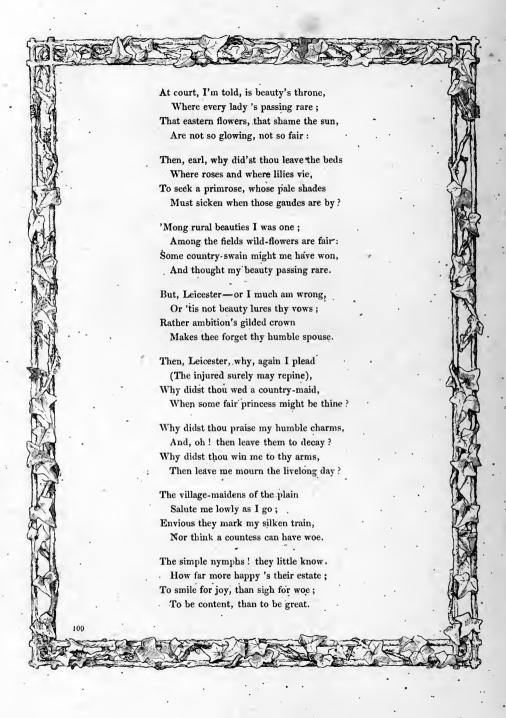
How fair I was, you oft would say;

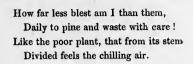
And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit—

Then left the blossom to decay.

Yes, now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily 's dead;
But he that once their charms so prized
Is, sure, the cause those charms are fled.

For, know, when sick ning grief doth prey,
And tender love 's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay—
What floweret can endure the storm?





Nor, cruel earl, can I enjoy

The humble charms of solitude;

Your minions proud my peace destroy,

By sullen frowns or prating rude.

Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,

The village death-bell smote my ear:

They winked aside, and seemed to say,

' Countess, prepare; thy end is near!'

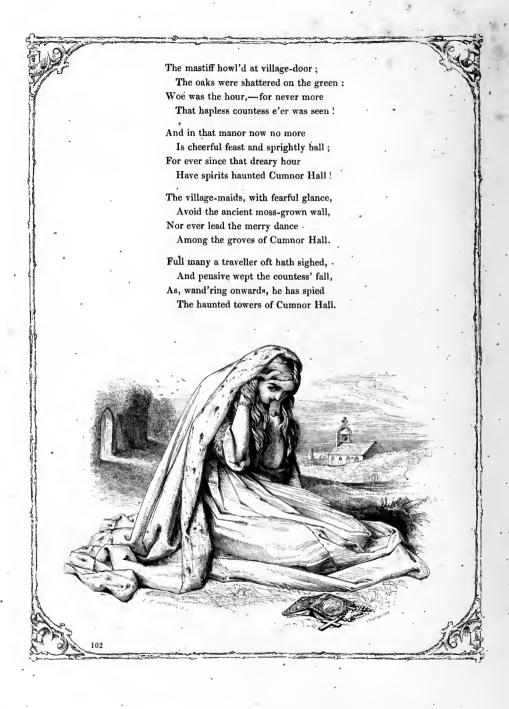
And now, while happy peasants sleep, Here I sit lonely and forlorn; No one to soothe me as I weep, Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

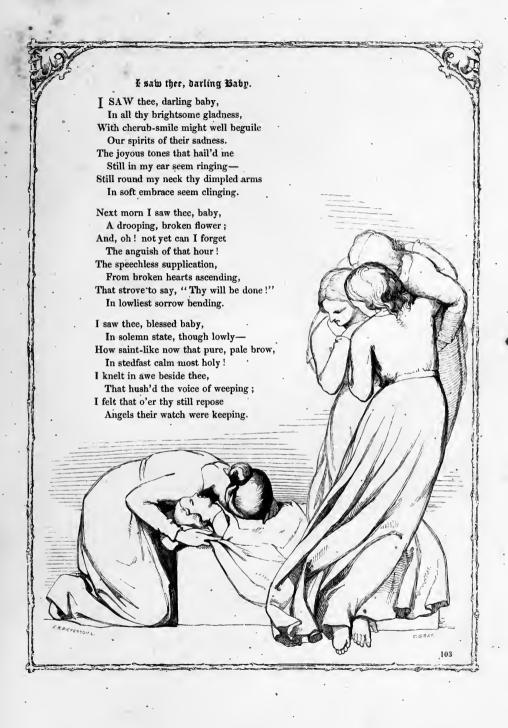
My spirits flag, my hopes decay—
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear;
And many a boding seems to say,
' Countess, prepare; thy end is near!''

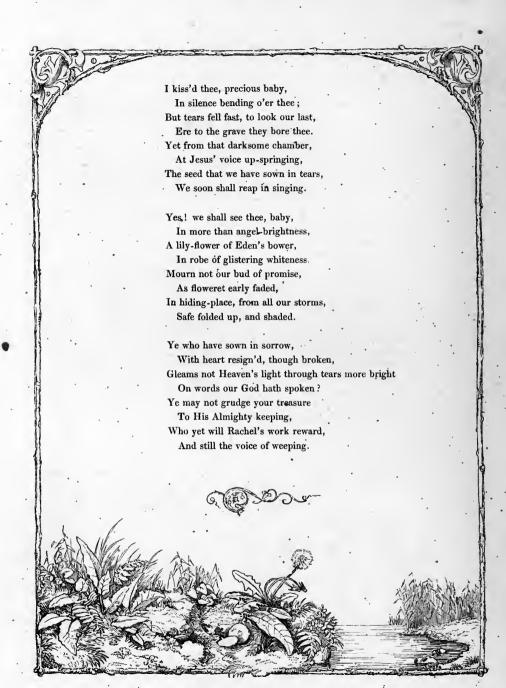
Thus, sore and sad, that lady grieved In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear, And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved, And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

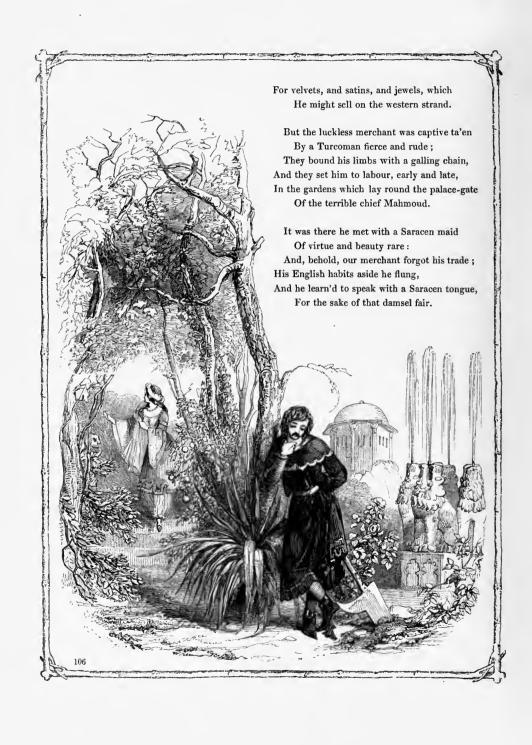
The death-bell thrice was heard to ring;
An aerial voice was heard to call;
And thrice the raven flapped his wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall:







English Merchany Lap the First. IT was a merchant, a merchant of fame, And he sail'd to the Holy Land; Gilbert à Becket was his name; And he went to trade with the Syrians rich



He taught Zarina the Christians' lore;
And the hours sped swiftly by,
When together they trod the lonely shore,
And she listen'd to him with a willing ear,
And he gazed in her eyes so deep and clear,
By the light of the morning sky.

They plighted their faith, and they vow'd to wed,

If Gilbert should e'er be free;
How could she doubt a word he said?
For her heart was trustful, pure, and mild,
Like the heart of a young unfearing child,
And she loved him hopefully.

But days stole on, and months stole on, And Gilbert was captive yet;

A long, long year had come and gone,
When the maiden wander'd with earnest eye
To the shadowy walk 'neath the palm-trees
high,

Where oft before they met.

" I am a Christian, my Gilbert, now,"
The Saracen lady said;

The tone of her voice was sweet and low,
Like the voice of the night-breeze, cool and
calm,

When it sighs through the leaves of the murmuring palm,

Of its own light sounds afraid.

"At eve and at morn to thy God I pray;
Oh, why should I linger here?
Let us flee to thine England, far away;

The God we serve shall guide our bark Over the desert of waters dark;

For how can a Christian fear?

I will send to thee at the hour of eve,
When the curtains are drawn o'er heaven;
And I shall not weep for the friends I leave,





For I am an orphan, and ne'er have known A gentle word or a kindly tone, Save such as thou hast given.

My gems shall purchase a gallant boat,
And a crew of skilful men:
Oh, when on the fetterless waves we float,
With the wide blue sky and the wide blue sea
Stretching around us triumphantly,
Wilt thou not bless me then?"

He kiss'd her hand, and he vow'd to come;
And the night was calm and fair:
Oh, how the captive thought on home,
As he gazed the dashing waters o'er,
And noiselessly paced the rugged shore;
But Zarina was not there!

He look'd to the east, he look'd to the west,

But her form he could not see;
And fear struck cold upon his breast,
For he almost fancied the stars so pale
Had watch'd their meeting, and told their
tale

To some ruthless enemy.

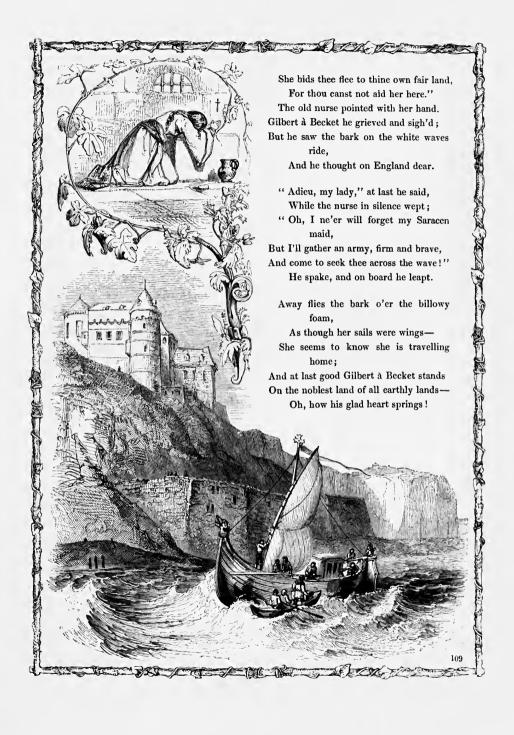
He look'd to the south, he look'd to the north,

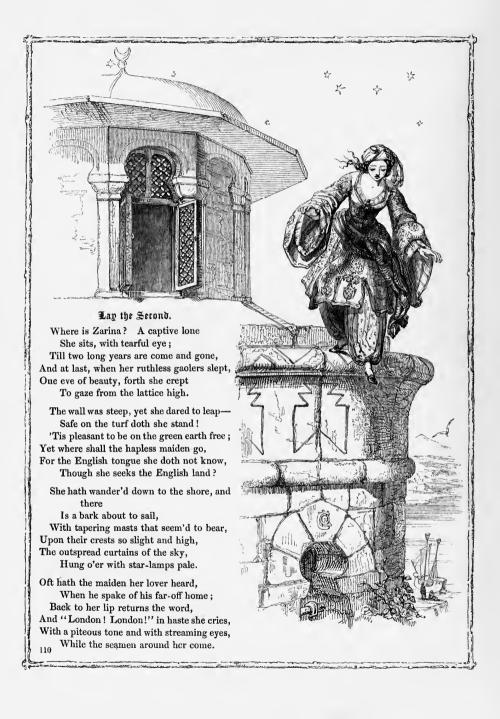
A light, light step he hears!
And a figure steps from the shadows forth—
But, alas for Zarina, it is not she!
It is but her faithful nurse Safiè,
And her eyes are dim with tears.

"Oh, listen," she cried, in bitter woe,
"Zarina is captive made!

Sir Christian, Sir Christian, alone must thou go;

Thy way is still clear; but they know that she
Was wont to wander at eve with thee,
By treacherous lips betray'd.





"It is sad and strange," said the sailors then,

"That the damsel weepeth thus;
But oh, let it never be said that men
Look'd on a woman in sore distress,
And gave no aid to her feebleness!—
The maiden shall sail with us!"

So they took her in; and Zarina smiled,
And thank'd them with her eyes;
Gentle she was as a chidden child;
But the mariners could not understand
The wondrous words of the eastern land,
So they sail'd in silent wise.

They came to shore at fair Stamboul,

And the maiden roam'd all night

Through its streets, so calm, and still,
and cool;

And to every passer-by that came
She murmur'd forth the one dear name,
Clasping her hands so white.

Some turn'd aside with careless pride,
And some with angry frown;
With a curious ear some turn'd to hear;
But the word she spake each passer knew,
For London is known the wide world
through,

From England's fair renown.

From place to place did the maiden stray,
And still that little word
Was her only guide on her venturous
way.

Full many a pitying stranger gave
Aid to her journey by land and wave,
When her low sweet voice was heard.

And oft at eve would Zarina stand
On the edge of the darkening flood,
And sing the lays of her own far land:
So sweet was her voice when she sang of
home,

That the listening peasants would round her come,

Proffering their simple food.



Thus when full many a month had pass'd

Of wearisome wanderings long,
To the wish'd-for place she was borne at last;
And the maiden gaz'd with bewilder'd eye
On each spreading roof and turret high,
Mid London's hurrying throng.

Through all that maze of square and street
With pleading looks she went;
And still her weary voice was sweet.
But now was "Gilbert" the name she cried:
The world of London is very wide,

And they knew not whom she meant.

Gilbert!—her lover's name—how oft
Had she breath'd that sound before!
Her eye grew bright, her tone grew soft;
For she thought that life and hope must dwell
In the precious name she loved so well;
And her troubles all seem'd o'er.

Now Gilbert à Becket was dwelling there,
Like a merchant-prince was he;

His gardens were wide, and his halls were fair;

His servants flatter'd, his minstrels play'd;— He had almost forgotten his Saracen maid, And their parting beyond the sea.

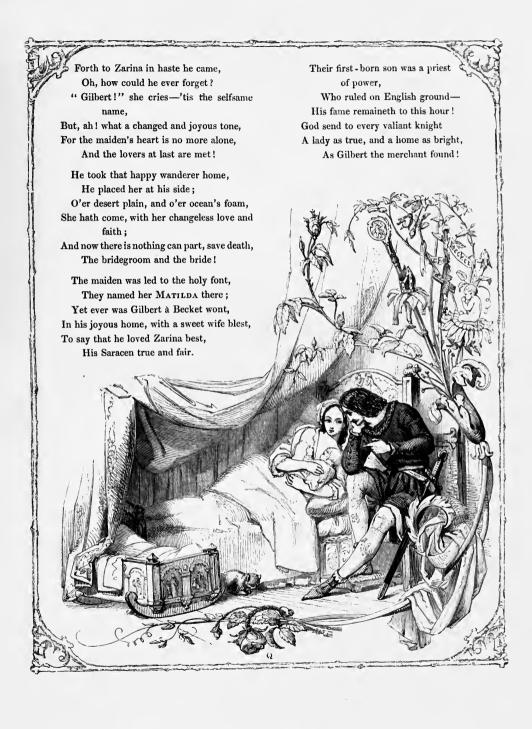
But word was brought, as he sate at meat, Of a damsel fair and sad,

Who wander'd for ever through square and street.

With claspèd hands and strength o'erspent, Murmuring, "Gilbert!" as she went, Like one possess'd, or mad.

Gilbert à Becket, he straightway rose,
For his conscience prick'd him sore;
Forth from his splendid hall he goes—
A well-known voice is in his ears,
And he sees a fair face veil'd in tears,
And he thinks on the Syrian shore.







## The Serenade.

- "WHAT wakes me from my gentle sleep?
  Sweet sounds my soul delight:
  O mother, see! what can it be,
  At this late hour of night?"
- " I nothing hear, I nothing see, So rest in slumber mild; No music comes to comfort thee, Thou poor and sickly child!"
- "It is no earthly sound I hear,
  That gives me such delight;
  'Tis angels call me with their song—
  So, mother dear, good night!"



His hopes no more a certain prospect boast, And all the tenor of his soul is lost. So, when a smooth expanse receives impress'd Calm nature's image on its watery breast, Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow, And skies beneath with answering colours glow; But if a stone the gentle sea divide, Swift ruffling circles curl on every side, And glimmering fragments of a broken sun, Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run. To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight, To find if books or swains report it right (For yet by swains alone the world he knew, Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew), He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore, And fixed the scallop in his hat before; Then, with the rising sun, a journey went, Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair;
Then, near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried;
And "Hail, my son!" the reverend sire replied.
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceived the road;
Till each with other pleased, and loath to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey; Nature, in silence, bade the world repose, When, near the road, a stately palace rose.

There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass, Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass. It chanced the noble master of the dome Still made his house the wandering stranger's home; Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise. Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease. The pair arrive; the liveried servants wait; Their lord receives them at the pompous gate; The table groans with costly piles of food, And all is more than hospitably good. Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown. Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down. At length 'tis morn, and, at the dawn of day, Along the wide canals the zephyrs play; Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep, And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep. Up rise the guests, obedient to the call, An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall: Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced, Which the kind master forced the guests to taste. Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go; And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe; His cup was vanished; for, in secret guise, The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear,—
So seem'd the sire, when, far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner shew'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part;
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a base reward.
While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;

A sound in air presaged approaching rain. And beasts to covert scud across the plain. Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat. 'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground. And strong, and large, and unimproved around; Its owner's temper, timorous and severe, Unkind and griping, caused a desert there. As near the miser's heavy door they drew, Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew; The nimble lightning, mix'd with showers, began, And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran; Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain, Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain. At length some pity warm'd the master's breast ('Twas then his threshold first received a guest); Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care, And half he welcomes in the shivering pair; One frugal faggot lights the naked walls, And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls; Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine, (Each hardly granted), served them both to dine; And when the tempest first appear'd to cease, A ready warning bade them part in peace. With still remark, the pondering hermit view'd, In one so rich, a life so poor and rude; And why should such (within himself he cried) Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside? But what new marks of wonder soon take place In every settling feature of his face, When, from his vest, the young companion bore That cup the generous landlord own'd before, And paid profusely, with the precious bowl, The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly; The sun emerging opes an azure sky; A fresher green the smelling leaves display. And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day: The weather courts them from their poor retreat. And the glad master bolts the wary gate. While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought With all the travail of uncertain thought: His partner's acts without their cause appear; 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here: Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes, Lost and confounded with the various shows. Now night's dim shades again involve the sky; Again the wanderers want a place to lie; Again they search, and find a lodging nigh. The soil improved around, the mansion neat, And neither poorly low nor idly great; It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind, Content, and not for praise, but virtue, kind. Hither the walkers turn their weary feet. Then bless the mansion, and the master greet. Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise, The courteous master hears, and thus replies:-"Without a vain, without a grudging heart, To Him who gives us all, I yield a part; From Him you come, for Him accept it here, A frank and sober, more than costly cheer!" He spoke, and bade the welcome table spread, Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed: When the grave household round his hall repair, Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer. At length the world, renew'd by calm repose, Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose; Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept Near a closed cradle where an infant slept, And writhed his neck: the landlord's little pride, O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and died! Horror of horrors! what, his only son! How look'd our hermit when the fact was done!

Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part, And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confused, and struck with silence at the deed, He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with speed; His steps the youth pursues: the country lay Perplex'd with roads; a servant shewed the way; A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er Was nice to find; the servant trod before; Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied, And deep the waves beneath them bending glide. The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin, Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in; Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head, Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

While sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes, He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries, "Detested wretch!"-but scarce his speech began, When the strange partner seem'd no longer man! His youthful face grew more serenely sweet; His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet; Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair; Celestial odours breathe through purpled air; And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day, Wide at his back their gradual plumes display. The form ethereal bursts upon his sight, And moves in all the majesty of light. Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew, Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do; Surprise in secret chains his words suspends, And in a calm his settling temper ends: But silence here the beauteous angel broke (The voice of Music ravish'd as he spoke):-"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown, In sweet memorial rise before the throne:

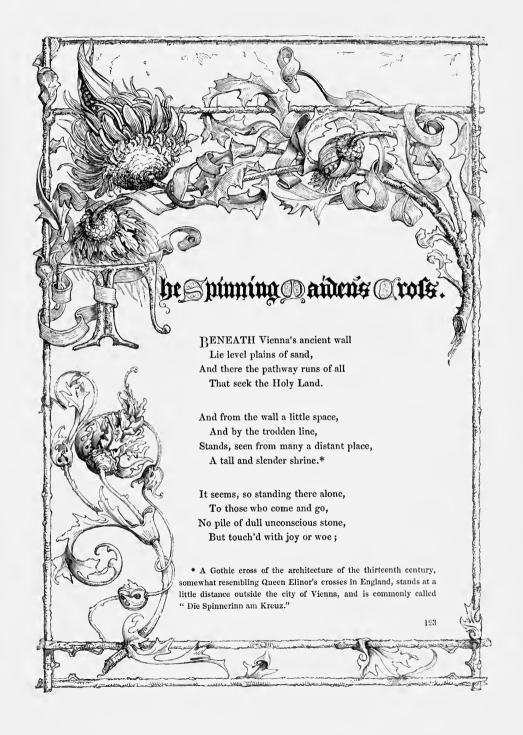
These charms success in our bright region find, And force an angel down to calm thy mind; For this commission'd, I forsook the sky: Nay, cease to kneel-thy fellow-servant I. Then know the truth of government divine. And let these scruples be no longer thine. The Maker justly claims that world He made: In this the right of Providence is laid; Its sacred majesty through all depends On using second means to work His ends: 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye, The Power exerts His attributes on high; Your action uses, nor controls your will, And bids the doubting sons of men be still. What strange events can strike with more surprise Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes? Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just, And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust. The great vain man, who fared on costly food, Whose life was too luxurious to be good, Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine, And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine, Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost; And still he welcomes, but with less of cost. The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door Ne'er moved in pity to the wandering poor, With him I left the cup, to teach his mind That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind. Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl, And feels compassion touch his grateful soul. Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead, With heaping coals of fire upon its head; In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow, And, loose from dross, the silver runs below. Long had our pious friend in virtue trod, But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;

(Child of his age) for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee in fits he seemed to go,
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew; The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew. Thus looked Elisha, when, to mount on high, His master took the chariot of the sky; The fiery pomp ascending left the view; The prophet gazed, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
"Lord, as in heaven, on earth Thy will be done."
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.





Seems to the stranger on his way,
A friend that forth hath set,
The parting moment to delay,
And stands and lingers yet.

While to the long-gone traveller Returning to his home, It seems with doubtful greeting there Of joy and sorrow come.

Smiles have been there of beaming joy,
And tears of bitter loss,
As friends have met and parted by
The Spinning Maiden's Cross,

Young Margaret had the gentlest heart
Of all the maidens there,
Nor ever fail'd her constant part
Of daily toil and prayer.

But when the Sabbath-morn had smiled, And early prayer was o'er, Then Marg'ret, gentle, still, and mild, Had happiness in store.

For then with Wenzel side by side In calm delight she stray'd, Amid the Prater's flowery pride, Or in the Augarten's shade.

"Gretchen belovèd! Gretchen dear!
Bright days we soon shall see;
My master, lord of Löwethier,
Will link my lot with thee.

And there, upon the Kahlen's swell, Where distant Donau shines, He gives a cot where we shall dwell, And tend his spreading vines."

Though joy through Margaret sent a thrill,
And at her eyes ran o'er,
Few words she spoke for good or ill,
Nor Wenzel needed more.

But when again the Sabbath-bell Had struck on Wenzel's ear, A sadder tale had he to tell, And Margaret to hear.

"Gretchen beloved! Gretchen dear!

Joy yet;—but patience now;

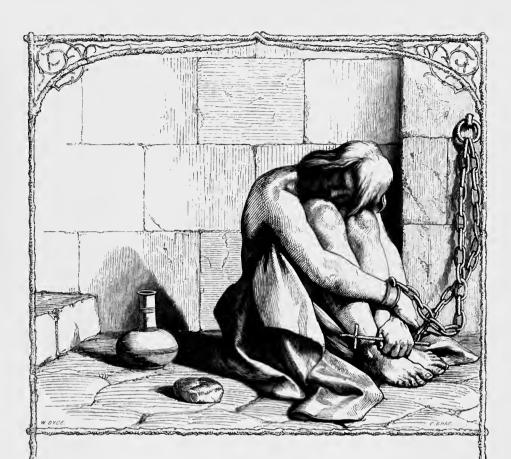
My master, lord of Löwethier,

Has bound him with a vow;

And he must to the Holy Land, Our Saviour's tomb to free; And I and all his faithful band Must with him o'er the sea."

A swelling heart did Margaret press, But calm was she to view; Meekly she bore her happiness, Her sorrow meekly too.

Her solitary Sabbaths brought
A prayer, a patient sigh,
As on the Holy Land she thought,
Where saints did live and die.



But from the Holy Land soon came Returning pilgrims there, And heavy tidings brought with them For Margaret's anxious ear.

For Wenzel is a captive made
In Paynim dungeon cold,
And there must lie till ransom paid
A hundred coins of gold.

Alas for Margaret! should she spin,
And all her store be sold,
In one long year she scarce could win
A single piece of gold.

Yet love can hope through good and ill,
When other hope is gone;
Shall she who loves so well be still,
And he in prison groan?

She felt within her inmost heart

A strange bewilder'd swell,

Too soft to break with sudden start,

Too gentle to rebel.

And what she hoped or thought to earn
Poor Margaret never knew,
But on her distaff oft she'd turn
A thoughtful, hopeful view.

And by the stone where last they met,
Each day she took her stand;
And twirl'd the thread till daylight set,
With unremitting hand.

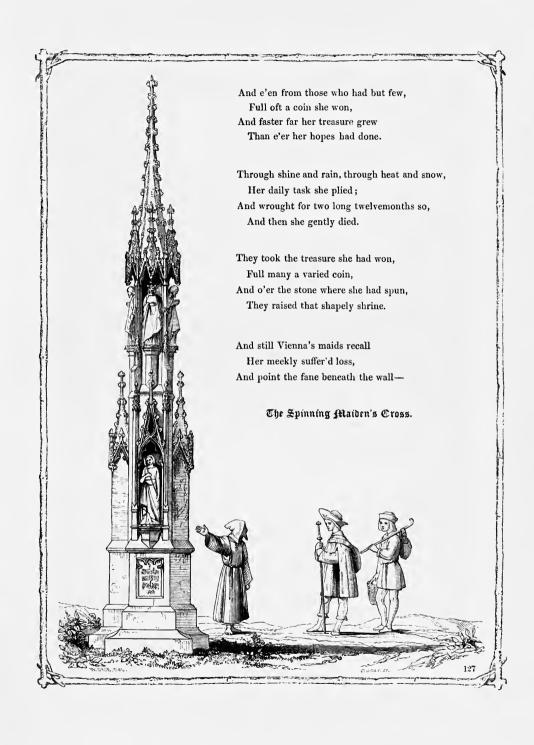
Her little store upon the stone

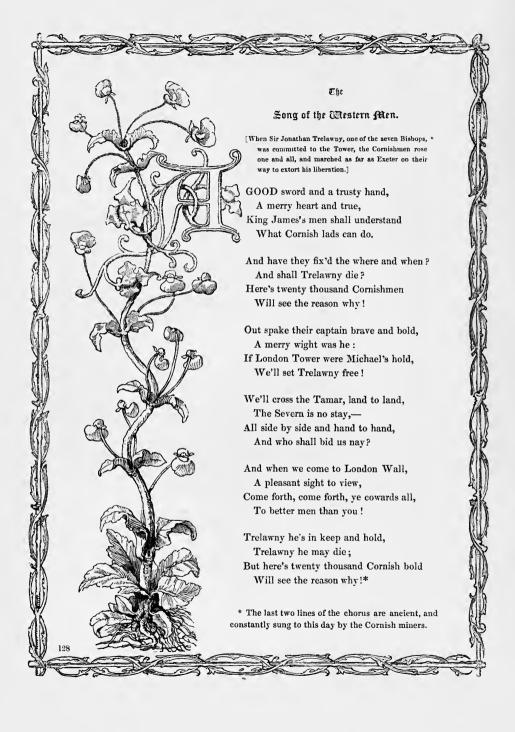
She spread to passers-by;

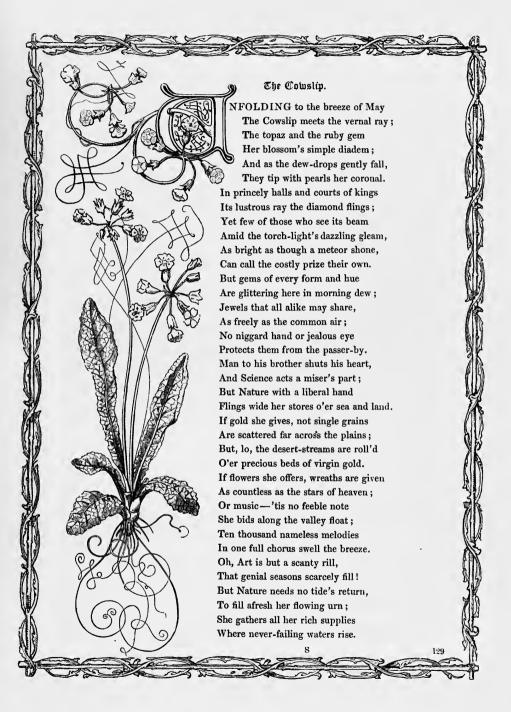
And oft they paused and gazed upon

Her meek and mournful eye.











THE yellow gem that earth reluctant yields
To Tejo's stream or Andes' torrent force,
Shines not like this small bark: the lucid pearl
That lies in cavern dark, deep moor'd beneath
The ocean-tides, is not so purely white
As you, her consort.

Beauteous flowers! in times
Of ancient Greece, when fancy sway'd the land,
Her virgins, as they drew the clear cold lymph,
Soothed the young Naiad, cradled on your leaves,
With lullabys that ruled the rocking stream.
Anon her shepherds eyed yon golden boat,
And mann'd it straight with some invisible love,
That fled from earth corrupt and sultry air,
To rest on the blue river.

Beauteous flowers!

Your Maker's hand is o'er you; He in all His works is inexhaustible; He crowns The green and many-flowering sward, and flings His chaplet o'er the dark and flowing wave.



THERE'S something in a noble boy,
A brave, free-hearted, careless one,
With his uncheck'd, unbidden joy,
His dread of books and love of
fun,

And in his clear and ready smile,

Unshaded by a thought of guile,
And unrepress'd by sadness;
Which brings me to my childhood
back,
As if I trod its very track,
And felt its very gladness.

And yet it is not in his play,

When every trace of thought is lost,
And not when you would call him gay,

That his bright presence thrills me most.
His shout may ring upon the hill,

His voice be echoed in the hall,
His merry laugh like music thrill,

And I in sadness hear it all,—

For like the wrinkles on my brow,
I scarcely notice such things now.
But when amid the earnest game,
He stops as if he music heard,
And heedless of his shouted name,
As of the carol of a bird,
Stands gazing on the empty air,
As if some dream were passing there:

'Tis then that on his face I look—
His beautiful, but thoughtful face—
And, like a long-forgotten book,
Its sweet, familiar meanings trace;
Remembering a thousand things
Which pass'd me on those golden wings
Which time has fetter'd now:
Things that came o'er me with a thrill,
And left me silent, sad, and still,
And threw upon my brow
A holier and a gentler cast,
That was too innocent to last.

Will, like a presence, sometimes press;

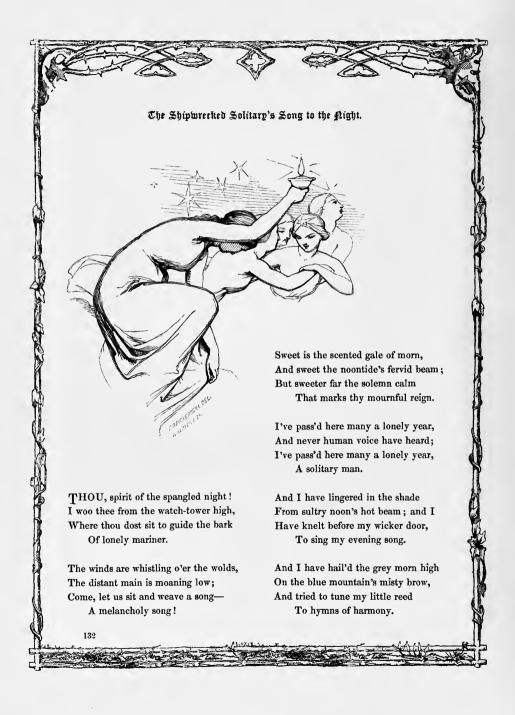
And when his pulse is beating wild,
And life itself is in excess;

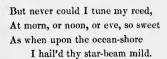
When foot and hand, and ear and eye,
Are all with ardour straining high,—

'Tis strange how thought upon a child

How in his heart will spring
A feeling whose mysterious thrall
Is stronger, sweeter far than all;
And on its silent wing,
How with the clouds he'll float
away,
As wand'ring and as lost as they!

131





The day-spring brings not joy to me,
The moon it whispers not of peace:
But oh! when darkness robes the heavens,
My woes are mix'd with joy;

And then I talk, and often think Aerial voices answer me; And oh! I am not then alone— A solitary man. And when the blustering winter-winds

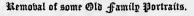
Howl in the woods that clothe my eave,
I lay me on my lonely mat,

And pleasant are my dreams:

And Fancy gives me back my wife,
And Fancy gives me back my child;
She gives me back my little home,
And all its placid joys.

Then hateful is the morning hour,
That calls me from the dream of bliss,
To find myself still lone, and hear
The same dull sounds again.





SILENT friends, fare ye well!
Shadows, adieu!
Living friends long I've lost,
Now I lose you.

Bitter tears many I've shed,
You've seen them flow;
Dreary hours many I've spent,

Full well ye know.

Yet in my loneliness,

Kindly methought
Still ye look'd on me,

Mocking me not

With light speech and hollow words,

Grating so sore,

The sad heart with many ills

The sad heart with many ills Sick to the core.

Then if my clouded skies

Brighten'd awhile,
Seem'd your soft serious eyes

Almost to smile.

Silent friends, fare ye well!
Shadows, adieu!
Living friends long I've lost,
Now I lose you.

Taken from hearth and board,

When all were gone,
I look'd up at you, and felt

Not quite alone;

Not quite companionless,
While in each face

Met me, familiar,

The stamp of my race.

Thine, gentle ancestress,

Dove-eyed and fair,

Melting in sympathy

Oft for my care.

Grim knight and stern-visaged,
Yet could I see
(Smoothing that furrowed face)
Good will to me.

Bland looks were beaming
Upon me I knew,
Fair sir, bonny lady,

Fair sir, bonny lady,
From you and from you.

Little think happy ones,

Heart-circled round,

How fast to senseless things

Hearts may be bound;

How when the living prop's

Moulder'd and gone,
Heart-strings low trailing left

Clasp the cold stone.

Silent friends, fare ye well!
Shadows, adieu!
Living friends long I've lost,

ving friends long I've lost, Now I lose you.

Often when spirit-vex'd,

Weary and worn,

To your quiet faces, mute

Friends, would I turn.

134

Soft as I gazed on them,
Soothing as balm,
Lulling the passion-storm,
Stole your deep calm;

Till, as I longer look'd, Surely methought

Ye read and replied to

My questioning thought.

"Daughter," ye softly said,
"Peace to thine heart!

We too—yes, daughter—have Been as thou art.

Toss'd on the troubled waves, Life's stormy sea, Chance and change manifold Proving like thee!

> Hope-lifted—doubt-depress'd— Seeing in part—

Tried — troubled — tempted —
Sustain'd as thou art.

Our God is thy God. What He
Willeth is best:

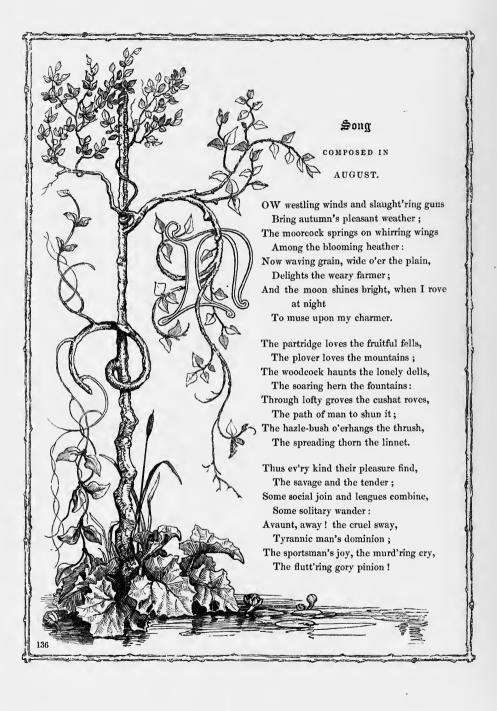
Trust Him as we trusted; then Rest as we rest."

Silent friends, fare ye well!
Shadows, adicu!
One Friend abideth still,
All changes through.



## To a Young Lady on her Medding-Day.

WHILE youth's keen light is in thine eye, While each new hour goes dancing by, While girlish visions are not gone, And sorrow is almost unknown,-Go, dear one, go, and take with thee Thy fresh-born thoughts and natural glee, And keep them still, like flowers to bloom, Engarlanding thy new-found home. The time may come when thou shalt have More than enough to make thee grave; When worldly thoughts and common cares Will touch with grey thy brightest hairs; And all too soon the matron's mien, O'ercasting what the maid hath been, Will shew thee good and wise of heart,-But not, sweet girl, what now thou art.



But, Peggy dear, the evening 's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading green and yellow:—
Come, let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of nature—
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.



## The flax-Spinners' Song.

SUNG AMONG THE PEASANTS OF WESTPHALIA.

NOW is the flax so fair and long;
Ho! ho! ho!
And now the poor man's heart is strong,
And now ascends his swelling song,
The grateful heart's o'erflow.

What torments must the flax endure!

Ho! ho! ho!

They'll dig a pond, and heave it in,

Then beat and bruise it short and thin;

Hallo! hallo! hallo!

The flayer he will break the straw;
Rach! rach! rach!
The gleaner he will scrape and glean,
Till not a single sheaf is seen,
Then throw it on the pack.

The hatcheler then must make it fine;
Hash! hash! hash!
He draws it out so fine and fair,
He forms the woof with speed and care,
And lays it on the rash.

And then, when winter comes along,
Groll! groll! groll!

The woofs are set, and man and wife,
They spin as if they spun for life,—
They spin full many a roll.

And now the bride will be so gay;
Ho! ho! ho!
She'll spin by night, she'll spin by day;
Her bridal dress she'll spin away
Fine as her hair, I know.

Hurrah! hurrah! the flax is good!
Ho! ho! ho!
Who does his duty daily, he
Must always bright and happy be,
Whether in weal or woe.

The flax rewards our cheerful toil;
Ho! ho! ho!
And many a mighty prince's son,
Who wears the linen we have spun,
Our joy may never know.



## Power of Maternal Piety.

WHY gaze ye on my hoary hairs,
Ye children young and gay?
Your locks, beneath the blast of
cares,
Will bleach as white as they.

I had a mother once, like you,
Who o'er my pillow hung,
Kiss'd from my cheek the briny dew,
And taught my falt'ring tongue.

She, when the nightly couch was spread,
Would bow my infant knee,
And place her hand upon my head,
And, kneeling, pray for me.

But then there came a fearful day:

I sought my mother's bed,

Till harsh hands tore me thence away,

And told me she was dead.

I pluck'd a fair white rose, and stole
To lay it by her side,
And thought strange sleep enchain'd her
soul,
For no fond voice replied.

That eve I knelt me down in woe,
And said a lonely prayer;
Yet still my temples seem'd to glow,
As if that hand were there.

Years fled, and left me childhood's joy, Gay sports and pastimes dear; I rose a wild and wayward boy, Who scorn'd the curb of fear.

Fierce passions shook me like a reed;
Yet ere at night I slept,
That soft hand made my bosom bleed,
And down I fell and wept.

Youth came—the props of virtue recl'd;
But oft at day's decline
A marble touch my brow congeal'd—
Bless'd mother, was it thine?

In foreign lands I travell'd wide,

My pulse was bounding high;

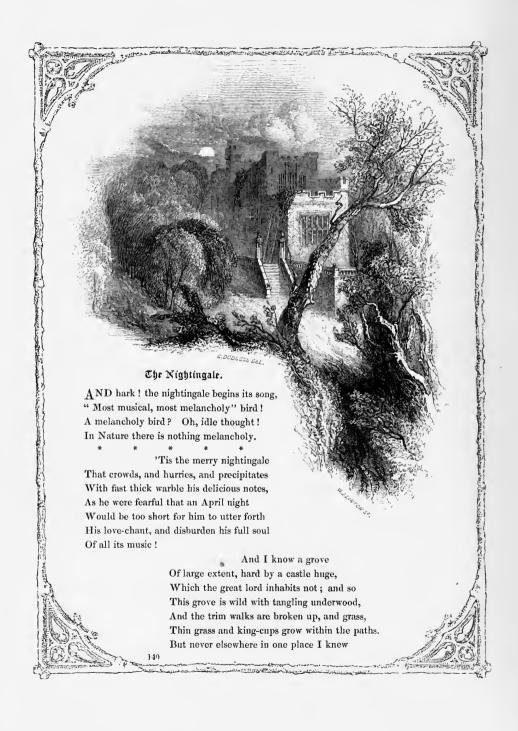
Vice spread her meshes by my side,

And pleasure lured my eye;

Yet still that hand, so soft and cold, Maintain'd its mystic sway, As when amid my curls of gold With gentle force it lay.

And with it breathed a voice of care,
As from the lowly sod,
"My son—my only one—beware,
Nor sin against thy God!"

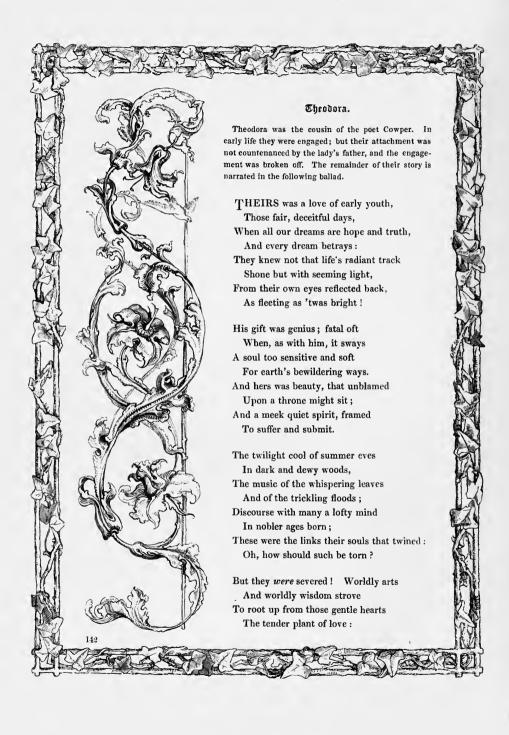


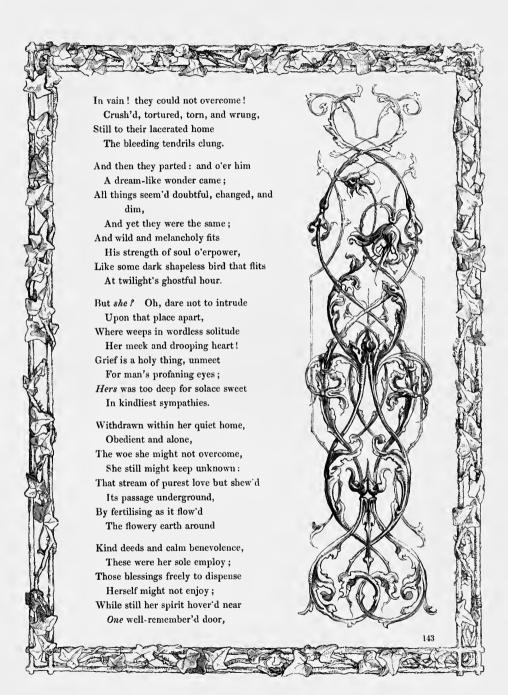


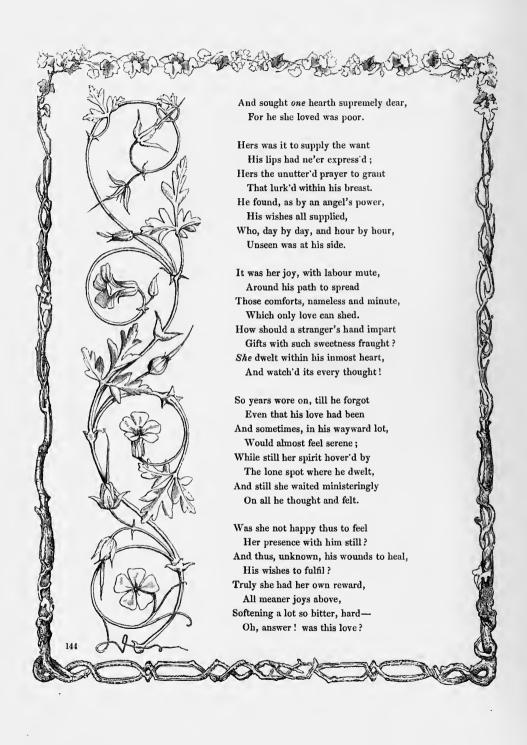
So many nightingales; and far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's songs,
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift jug-jug.
And one, low piping, sounds more sweet than all—
Stirring the air with such an harmony
That, should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day! On moonlit bushes,
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,
Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.

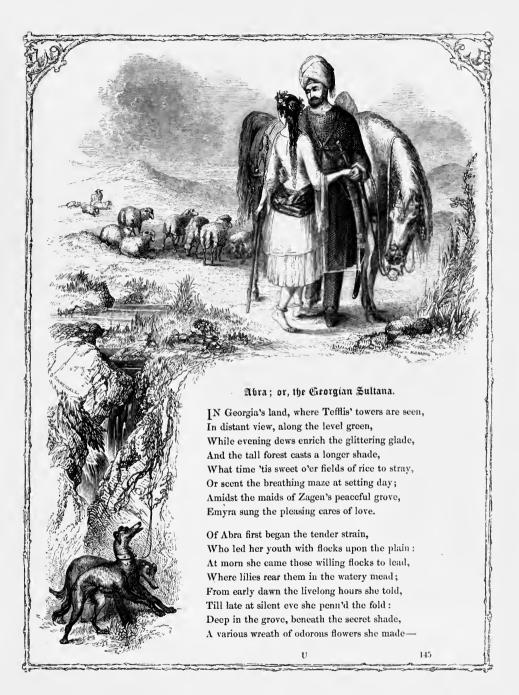
A most gentle maid,
Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
Hard by the eastle, and at latest eve
(Even like a lady vowed and dedicate
To something more than Nature in the grove)
Glides through the pathways; she knows all their notes,
That gentle maid! and oft a moment's space,
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence; till the moon
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and these wakeful birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if some sudden gale had swept at once
An hundred airy harps!



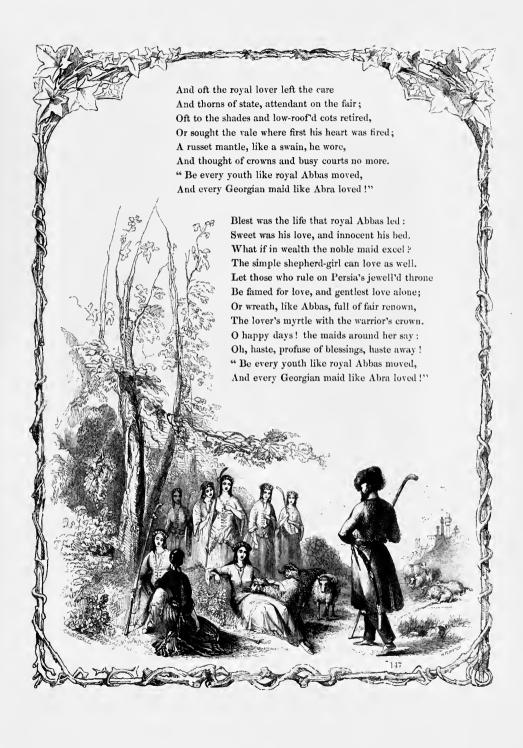


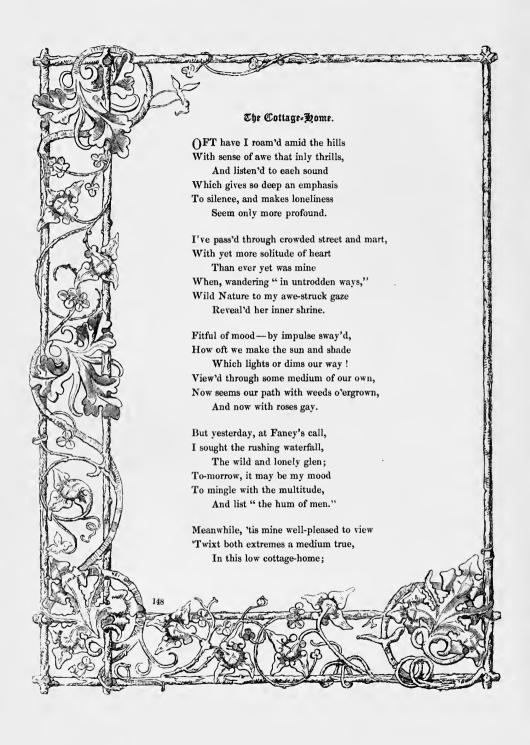


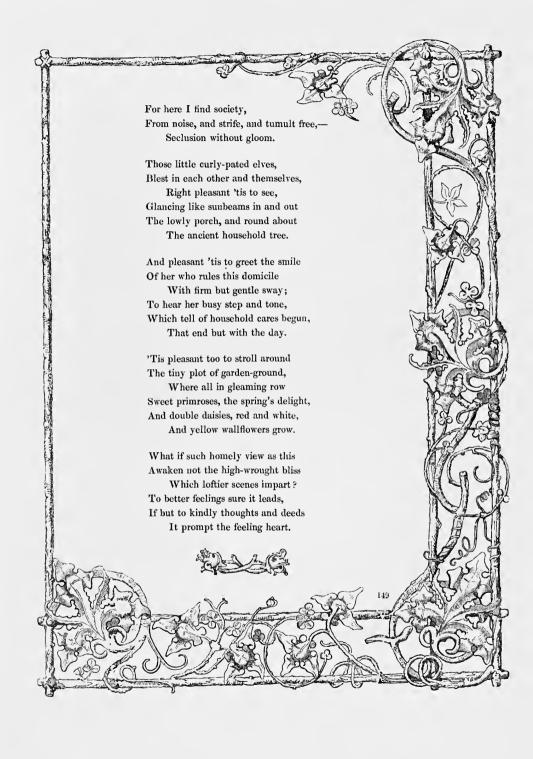












#### The Suffolk Beoman's Song.

GOOD neighbours, since you've knock'd me down,
I'll sing you a song of songs the crown,
For it shall be to the fair renown
Of a race that yields to no man.
When order first on earth began,
Each king was then a husbandman;
He honour'd the plough
And the barley-mow,
Maintained his court from off his farm,
And kept all round him tight and warm,

Like a right-down Suffolk yeoman.

The plough was then a nation's boast,

And the pride of those who rul'd the roast;

And so felt one well worth a host,

A brave and a noble Roman.

Some here may call to mind his name,

But the thing is true, and it's all the same;

In war and debate

He sav'd the state,
He made the haughty foe to bow;
And when all was done, went back to plough,
Like a home-bred Suffolk yeoman.

Said Horace, "I'm grown sick of court,
And Cæsar's crack champagne and port;
To sing and pun for great folks' sport
Is the life of a raree-show man:
I long, 'mid all the fun of Rome,
To see how my farm goes on at home.'

Now his parts were renown'd
The world around;

But he stuck to his turnips, wheat, and hops; And yet trust me if he grew such crops As a thriving Suffolk veoman.

Windows and the second second

was the town the same of the s

Good freeholders and stout were they
Who form'd our warlike realm's array,
When Europe trembled many a day
At the name of an English bowman.
The arm that drew the gallant bow
Could pitch on the rick and barley-mow;
They lov'd the tough yew,
And the spot where it grew,

And the spot where it grew,
For that was near our good old Church;
"And we'll never leave her in the lurch,"
Says my loyal Suffolk yeoman.

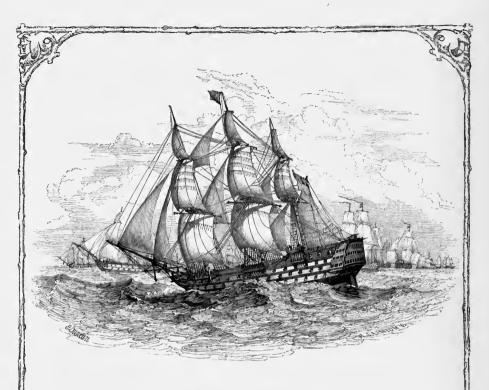
When George the Third adorn'd our throne,
His manly ways were just our own;
Then Britons stood in arms alone,
And defied each foreign foeman.
The good old King, he fear'd his God,
But he fear'd no man on earth who trod;
He lov'd his farm.

And he found a charm
In every useful sterling art,
And he wore the home-spun coat and heart
Of a manly Suffolk yeoman.

Since, then, the brave, the wise, and great,
Have been plain folks of our estate,
We claim a pride of ancient date,
A pride that will injure no man.
Though Scotch philosophers and Jews
Would starve us out, and our name abuse,
We'll stand by the King,

We'll stand by the King,
The Church, and each thing
That our loyal fathers honour'd most;
And such shall be the pride and boast
Of a manly Suffolk yeoman.





# Admiral Collingwood.

METHINKS it is a glorious thing To sail upon the deep; A thousand sailors under you, Their watch and ward to keep:

To watch the frigates scatter'd round,
Like birds upon the wing;
Yet know they only wait your will—
It is a glorious thing.

Our Admiral stood on the deck,
And look'd upon the sea;
He held the glass in his right hand,
And far and near look'd he:

He could not see one hostile ship
Abroad upon the main;
From east to west, from north to south,
It was his own domain.

Good news for England this, good news;
Forth may her merchants fare;
Thick o'er the sea, no enemy
Will cross their pathway there.

A paleness came upon his cheek,
A shadow to his brow;
Alas! our good Lord Collingwood,
What is it ails him now?



Tears stand within the brave man's eyes,

Each softer pulse is stirred: It is the sickness of the heart, Of hope too long deferr'd.

He's pining for his native seas,
And for his native shore;
All but his honour he would give
To be at home once more.

He does not know his children's face;
His wife might pass him by,
He is so alter'd, did they meet,
With an unconscious eye.

He has been many years at sea,

He is worn with wind and wave;

He asks a little breathing space

Between it and his grave:

He feels his breath come heavily,
His keen eye faint and dim;
It was a weary sacrifice
That England ask'd of him.

He never saw his home again:
The deep voice of the gun,
The lowering of his battle-flag,
Told when his life was done.

His sailors walk'd the deck and wept,
Around them howl'd the gale;
And far away two orphans knelt—
A widow's cheek grew pale.

Amid the many names that light
Our history's blazon'd line,
I know not one, brave Collingwood,
That touches me like thine.

X

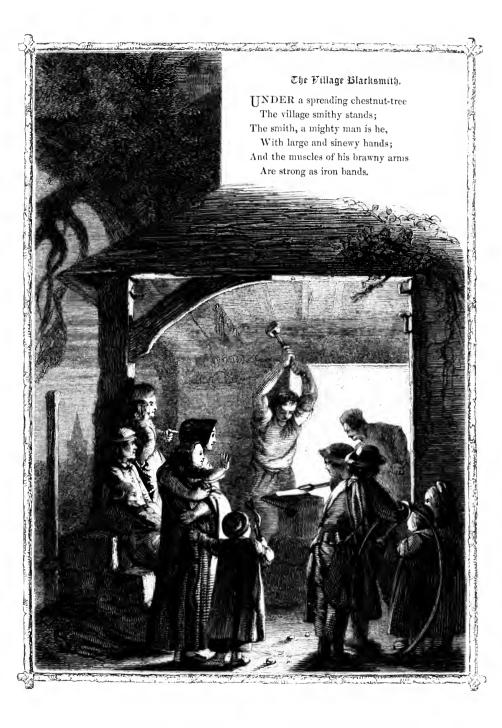
## Ode to Tranquillity.

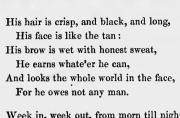
TRANQUILLITY! thou better name
Than all the family of fame!
Thou ne'er wilt leave my riper age
To low intrigue or factious rage.
For, oh, dear child of thoughtful Truth,
To thee I gave my early youth;
And left the bark, and bless'd the stedfast shore,
Ere yet the tempest rose, and scared me with its roar.

Who late and lingering seeks thy shrine,
On him but seldom, power divine,
Thy spirit rests! Satiety
And Sloth, poor counterfeits of thee,
Mock the tired worldling. Idle Hope
And dire Remembrance interlope
To vex the feverish slumbers of the mind:
The bubble floats before, the spectre stalks behind.

But me thy gentle hand will lead
At morning through the accustom'd mead;
And in the sultry summer's heat
Will build me up a mossy seat;
And when the gust of autumn crowds
And breaks the busy moonlight clouds,
Thou best the thought canst raise, the heart attune,
Light as the busy clouds, calm as the gliding moon.

The feeling heart, the searching soul,
To thee I dedicate the whole!
And while within myself I trace
The greatness of some future race,
Aloof with hermit-eye I scan
The present works of present man—
A wild and dream-like trade of blood and guile,
Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile!





Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village-bell
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village-choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close.
Something attempted, something done,
Has earn'd a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!



HERE have you been, my blue-eyed elf?
Ransacking all nature's pelf,
To dress out that little self?
Those locks so fine,
You stole them from the silkworm's shelf,
All his gold-mine.

For lips you robb'd the vermeil's dyes;
Those eyes you stole from summer-skies;
That laughing sprite that 'neath them lies,
Beyond bright even,
That innocence of your blue eyes,

You brought from heaven.

Sure they are come from some bright sphere,

Where there is spring throughout the year;

Its music still is on your ear,

A shadowy beam,

A spell that weaves o'er all things here A golden dream.

And while with you so merrily,
With your blue eyes I seem to see
O'er all around a gladsome glee,
No care obtruding;
O'er bird and flower strange revelry
And glory brooding.

Then let them laugh, my lady blue,
At the hours I spend with you;
O happy, happy, were it true
That all my days
Had been no worse than all with you
And your sweet ways!

A cherub, had you but its wing;

But then, I know, away you'd spring
With all your gladness,
Nor soil your sweet apparelling
With sin and sadness.

What shall I call you?—my bright gem,

Best jewel, or love's diadem?

A bud of heaven on life's poor stem?

A blue-eyed flower?

Star peeping through Night's blue-robed

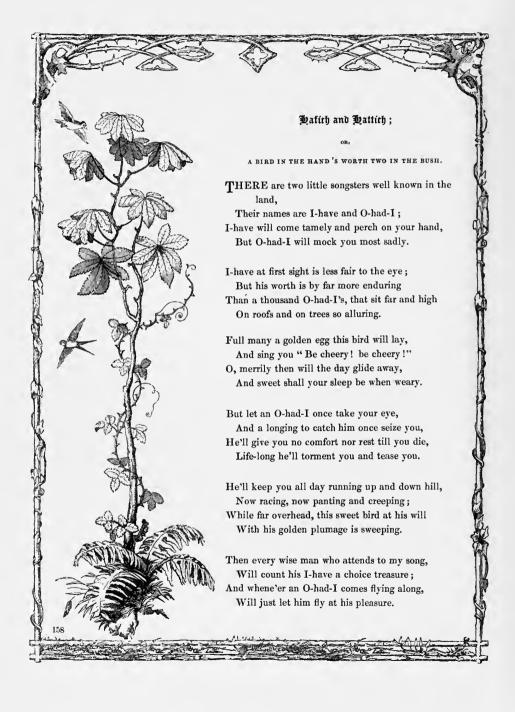
Beauty's own dower?

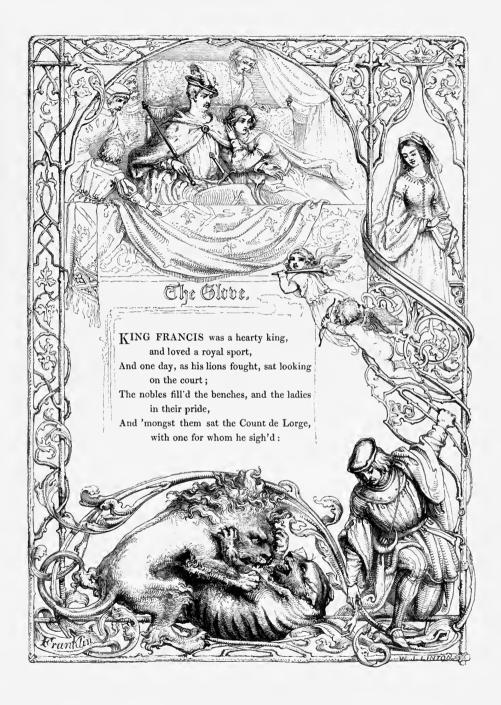
hem?

O no! you are—the little Bess,
A little spirit sent to bless
All about you—no more—no less—
A pledge of love,
In casket of rich loveliness,
From One above.

What! are you crying, lady dear?
You've left His breast, but do not fear;
Your heavenly Father, He is here:
Oh, do not spurn,
Wash'd with His blood, His woes to bear,
And then return.

And then retur





And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show, Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

The lions and the tigers roar'd with horrid laughing jaws,

They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with
their paws;

With wallowing might and stifled roar they roll'd on one another,
Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the air:
Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than
there"

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous lively dame, With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seem'd the same:

She thought,—The Count, my lover, is brave as brave can be, He surely would do wondrous things to shew his love of me; King, ladies, lovers, all look on, the occasion is divine; I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be mine.

She dropp'd her glove, to prove his love, then look'd at him, and smiled;

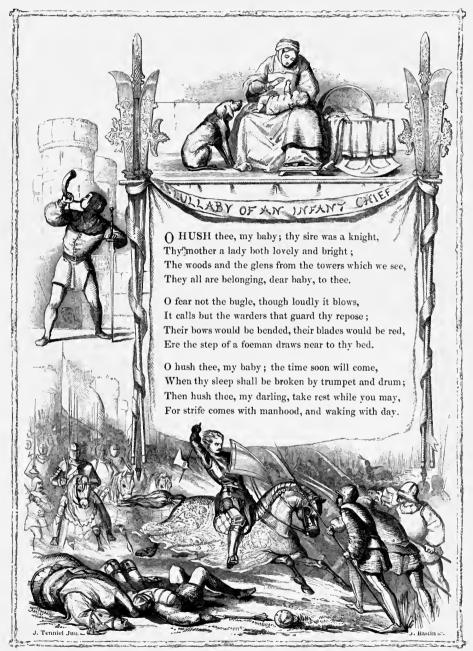
He bow'd, and in a moment leap'd among the lions wild:

The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regain'd the place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.

"Ah, ah!" said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where
he sat:

"Not love," quoth he, "but vanity, set love a task like that."







WITHIN an old cathedral hung A mighty bell,

Which never, save at Easter, swung One solemn knell;

And then so sternly all around Its echoes fell.

The peasants trembled at the sound Of that big bell..

Not far from the cathedral stood A hermit's cell,

And in its belfry-tower of wood A little bell,

Whose daily tinklings through the year So faintly fell,

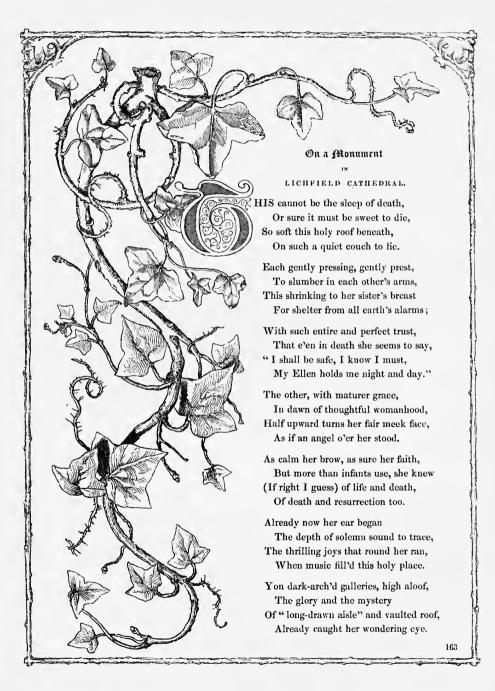
The peasants hardly gave an ear To that small bell.

The hermit, he who own'd the same, And loved it well,

Resolved that it should share the fame Of the big bell;

So tolling it but once a year, With one brief knell,





And she would gaze when morning's glow
Through yonder glorious panes was streaming,
As if in every niche below
Saints in their glory-robes were gleaming.

To thee, dear maid, each kindly wile
Was known that elder sisters know;
To check th' unseasonable smile
With warning hand and serious brow.

From dream to dream with her to rove, Like fairy nurse with hermit child, Teach her to think, to pray, to love, Make grief less bitter, joy less wild:

These were thy tasks: and who can say
What visions high, what solemn talk,
What flashes of unearthly day,
Might bless those infants' evening walk?

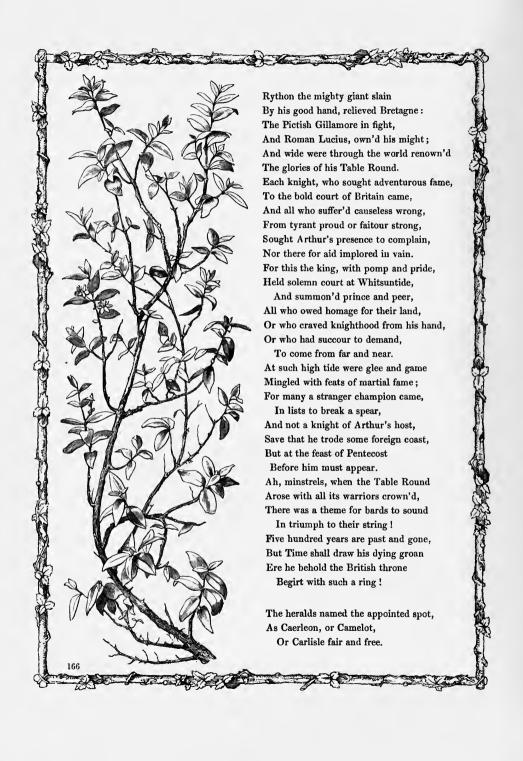
Oft as with arms and hearts entwined,
They mused aloud this twilight hour,
What awful truths high God hath shrined
In every star, and cloud, and flower!

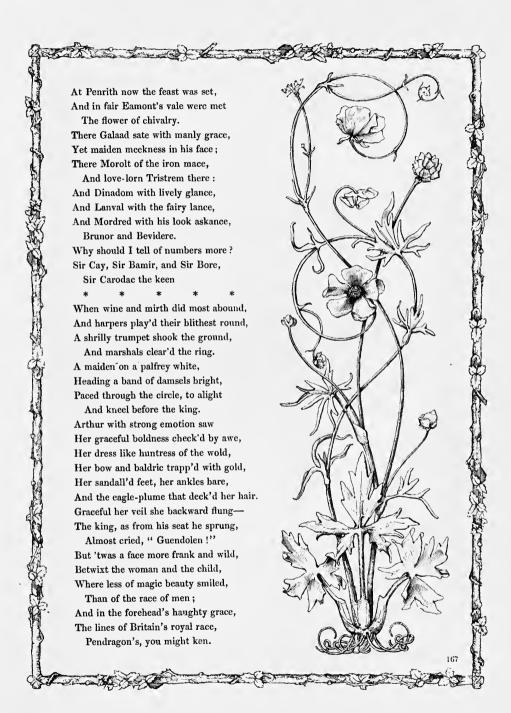
But one day, when the glorious theme Seem'd but to mock their feeble sight, As they look'd up from earth's dark dream, To worlds where all is pure and bright,

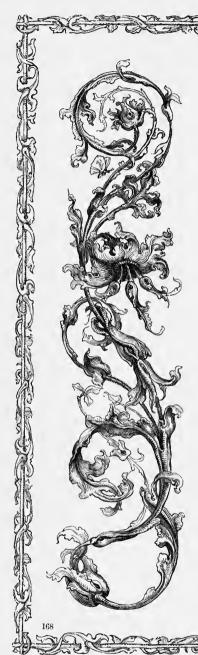
Strong in the strength of infancy,
In little children's wisdom wise,
They heard a voice say, "Come to Me;
Yours is the kingdom of the skies."

They speed them home; one prayer they breathe,
Then down in peace together lie:—
This cannot be the sleep of death,
Or sure it must be sweet to die.









Faltering, yet gracefully, she said—
"Great prince! behold an orphan maid,
In her departed mother's name,
A father's vow'd protection claim!
The vow was sworn in desert lone,
In the deep valley of St. John."
At once the king the suppliant raised,
And kiss'd her brow, her beauty praised;
His vow he said should well be kept,
Ere in the sea the sun was dipp'd.

"Up! up! each knight of gallant crest, Take buckler, spear, and brand! He that to-day shall bear him best Shall win my Gyneth's hand; And Arthur's daughter, when a bride. Shall bring a noble dower; Both fair Strath-Clyde and Regid wide, And Carlisle town and tower." Then might you hear each valiant knight, To page and squire that cried, "Bring my armour bright, and my courser wight, 'Tis not each day that a warrior's might May win a royal bride!" Then cloaks and caps of maintenance In haste aside they fling; The helmets glance, and gleams the lance, And the steel-weaved hauberks ring. Small care had they of their peaceful array, They might gather it that wolde; For brake and bramble glitter'd gay

Now caracoled the steeds in air,
Now plumes and pennons wanton'd fair,
As all around the lists so wide
In panoply the champions ride.
King Arthur saw, with startled eye,
The flower of chivalry march by,

With pearls and cloth of gold.

The bulwark of the Christian creed,
The kingdom's shield in hour of need.
Too late he thought him of the woe
Might from their civil conflict flow;
For well he knew they would not part
Till cold was many a gallant heart.
His hasty vow he 'gan to rue,
And Gyneth then apart he drew;
To her his leading-staff resign'd,
But added caution grave and kind.

"Thou see'st, my child, as promise-bound, I bid the trump for tourney sound: Take thou my warder, as the queen And umpire of the martial scene: But mark thou this: as beauty bright Is polar star to valiant knight, As at her word his sword he draws, His fairest guerdon her applause, So gentle maid should never ask Of knighthood vain and dangerous task; And beauty's eyes should eyer be Like the twin stars that soothe the sea, And beauty's breath should whisper peace, And bid the storm of battle cease. I tell thee this, lest all too far These knights urge tourney into war. Blithe at the trumpet let them go, And fairly counter blow for blow; No striplings these who succour need For a razed helm or falling steed. But, Gyneth, when the strife grows warm, And threatens death or deadly harm, Thy sire entreats, thy king commands, Thou drop the warder from thy hands. Trust thou thy father with thy fate, Doubt not he choose thee fitting mate; Nor be it said, through Gyneth's pride A rose of Arthur's chaplet died."



A proud and discontented glow O'ershadow'd Gyneth's brow of snow; She put the warder by:—

" Reserve thy boon, my liege," she said,

" Thus chaffer'd down and limited,

Debased and narrow'd, for a maid

Of less degree than I.

No petty chief but holds his heir

At a more honour'd price, and rare,

Than Britain's king holds me! Although the sunburn'd maid for dower

Has but her father's rugged tower,

His barren hill and lea.

King Arthur swore, ' By crown and sword,

As belted knight and Britain's lord,

That a whole summer's day should strive,

His knights, the bravest knights alive!'

Recall thine oath! and to her glen

Poor Gyneth can return again;

Not on thy daughter will the stain

That soils thy sword and crown remain.

But think not she will e'er be bride

Save to the bravest, proved and tried;

Pendragon's daughter will not fear

For clashing sword or splinter'd spear,

Nor shrink though blood should flow;

And all too well sad Guendolen

Hath taught the faithlessness of men,

That child of hers should pity when

Their meed they undergo."

He frown'd and sigh'd, the monarch bold;—
"I give what I may not withhold;
For, not for danger, dread, or death,
Must British Arthur break his faith.

Too late I mark, thy mother's art Hath taught thee this relentless part. I blame her not, for she had wrong; But not to *these* my faults belong. Use, then, the warder as thou wilt; But trust me that if blood be spilt, In Arthur's love, in Arthur's grace,
Gyneth shall lose a daughter's place."
With that he turn'd his head aside,
Nor brook'd to gaze upon her pride,
As with the truncheon raised she sate
The arbitress of mortal fate;

Nor brook'd to mark, in ranks disposed, How the bold champions stood opposed, For shrill the trumpet-flourish fell Upon his ear, like passing bell! Then first from sight of martial fray Did Britain's hero turn away.

But Gyneth heard the clangour high,
As hears the hawk the partridge cry.
Oh, blame her not! the blood was hers,
That at the trumpet's summons stirs!
And e'en the gentlest female eye
Might the brave strife of chivalry
A while untroubled view;

A while untroubled view;
So well accomplished was each knight,
To strike and to defend in fight,
Their meeting was a goodly sight,

While plate and mail held true.

The lists with painted plumes were strown,
Upon the wind at random thrown,
But helm and breastplate bloodless shone;
It seem'd their feather'd crests alone

Should this encounter rue.

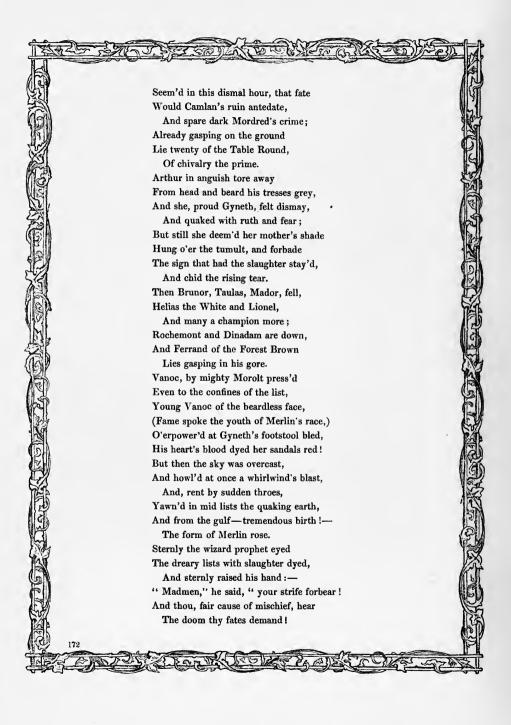
And ever as the combat grows,
The trumpet's cheery voice arose,
Like lark's shrill song the flourish flows,
Heard while the gale of April blows
The merry greenwood through.

But soon to earnest grew their game,
The spears drew blood, the swords struck flame,
And horse and man to ground there came,
Knights who shall rise no more!
Gone was the pride the war that graced,

Gay shields were cleft, and crests defaced, And steel-coats riven, and helms unbraced,

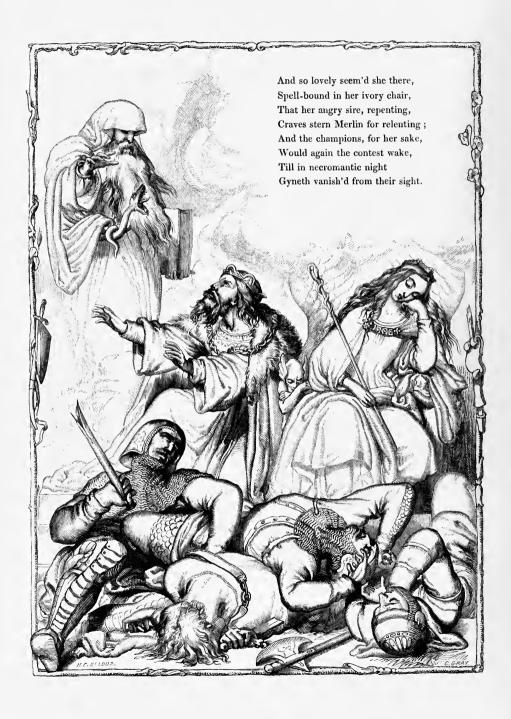
And pennons stream'd with gore.
Gone, too, were fence and fair array,
And desperate strength made deadly way
At random through the bloody fray,

And blows were dealt with headlong sway,
Unheeding where they fell;
And now the trumpet's clamours seem
Like the shrill sea-bird's wailing scream,
Heard o'er the whirlpool's gulfing stream,
The sinking scaman's knell!



Long shall close in stony sleep Eyes for ruth that would not weep; Iron lethargy shall seal Heart that pity scorn'd to feel. Yet because thy mother's art Warp'd thine unsuspicious heart, And, for love of Arthur's race, Punishment is blent with grace, Thou shalt bear thy penance lone In the valley of Saint John, And this weird shall overtake thee, Sleep until a knight shall wake thee, For feats of arms as far renown'd As warrior of the Table Round. Long endurance of thy slumber Well may teach the world to number All their woes from Gyneth's pride, When the Red-Cross champions died."

As Merlin speaks, on Gyneth's eve Slumber's load begins to lie; Fear and anger vainly strive Still to keep its light alive. Twice, with effort and with pause, O'er her brow her hand she draws: Twice her strength in vain she tries From the fatal chair to rise; Merlin's magic doom is spoken, Vanoc's death must now be wroken. Slow the dark-fringed eyelids fall, Curtaining each azure ball, Slowly as on summer eves Violets fold their dusky leaves. The weighty baton of command Now bears down her sinking hand; On her shoulder droops her head; Net of pearl and golden thread Bursting, gave her locks to flow O'er her arm and breast of snow.





THOUGH rude winds usher thee, sweet day,
Though clouds thy face deform,
Though nature's grace is swept away
Before thy sleety storm;
E'en in thy sombrest wintry vest,
Of blessed days thou art most blest.

Nor frigid air, nor gloomy morn,
Shall check our jubilee;
Bright is the day when Christ was born,
No sun need shine but He.
Let roughest storms their coldest blow,
With love of Him our hearts shall glow.

Inspired with high and holy thought,
Fancy is on the wing;
It seems as to mine ear it brought
Those voices carolling—
Voices through heaven and earth that ran—
Glory to God, good-will to man!

I see the shepherds gazing wild
At those fair spirits of light;
I see them bending o'er the Child
With that untold delight
Which marks the face of those who view
Things but too happy to be true.

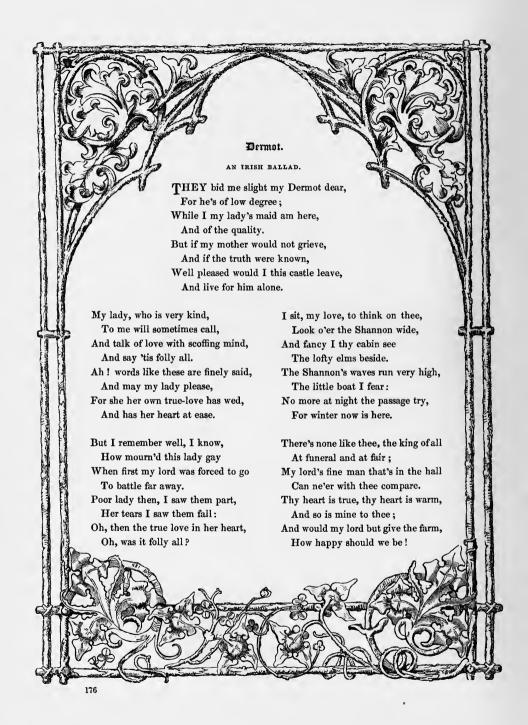
There in the lowly manger laid,
Incarnate God they see;
He stoops to take, through spotless maid,
Our frail humanity:
Son of high God, creation's Heir,
He leaves His heaven to raise us there.

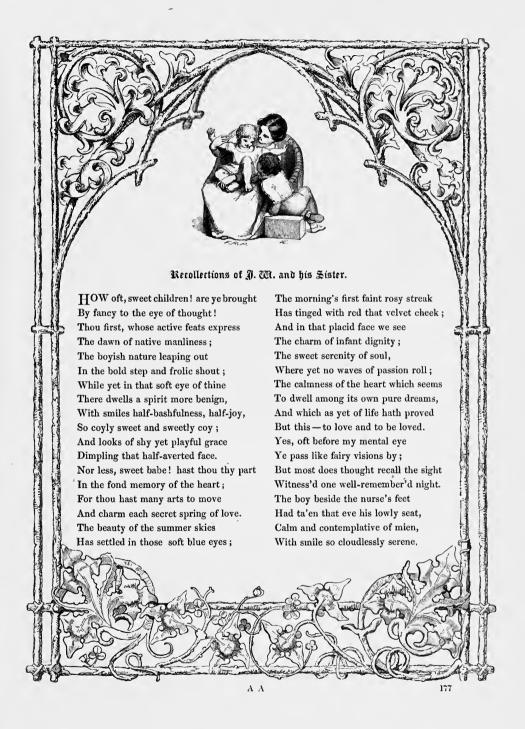
Oft as this joyous morn doth come,

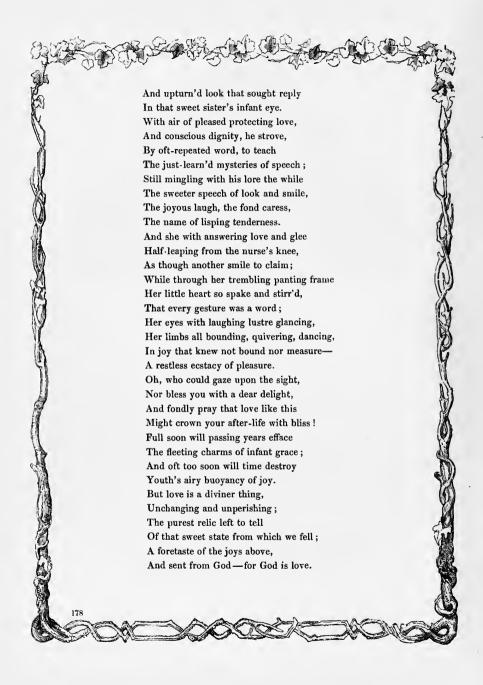
To speak our Saviour's love;
Oh, may it bear our spirits home,

Where He now reigns above;
That day which brought Him from the skies,
So man restores to Paradise.

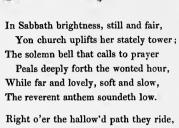
Then let winds usher thee, sweet day,
Let clouds thy face deform;
Though nature's grace is swept away
Before thy sleety storm,
E'en in thy sombrest wintry vest,
Of blessed days thou art most blest.







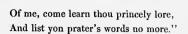




Right o'er the hallow'd path they ride,
With wild halloo and ringing shout;
Behold! behold! from either side
A single horseman joins the rout;
A fiery roan the left—the right
A graceful steed of silver white.

Who were those riders? Well I guess,
But know not, nor may utter more;
A face of springtide gentleness
The youthful right-hand horseman wore;
Tawny and fierce, the other's eye
Shot lightnings, like an angry sky.

- "Right welcome!" cried the hunter-lord,
  "To the noble chase right welcome be!
  No sport can earth or heaven afford
  Of fairer fame or merrier glee."
  He clapp'd his hands with joyous cry,
  And shook his hunting-cap on high.
- "Ill blends thy horn, so wild and vain"—
  Thus did the right-hand horseman say—
- "With solemn bell and choral strain;
  Return, forbear the chase to-day!
  Oh, let thy better self persuade!
  Be not by evil thoughts betrayed!"
- "The chase, my noble lord, the chase!"
  Eager the left-hand horseman cried;
- "Let the dull bells ring, and the pale monks sing,
  "Tis to the merry chase we ride!



"Well spoken, rider frank and free!
A hero to my taste art thou;
Let him who loves not veneriè
Mutter his prayers and knit his brow;
Out, pious fool! I hold my way,
Let it offend thee as it may."

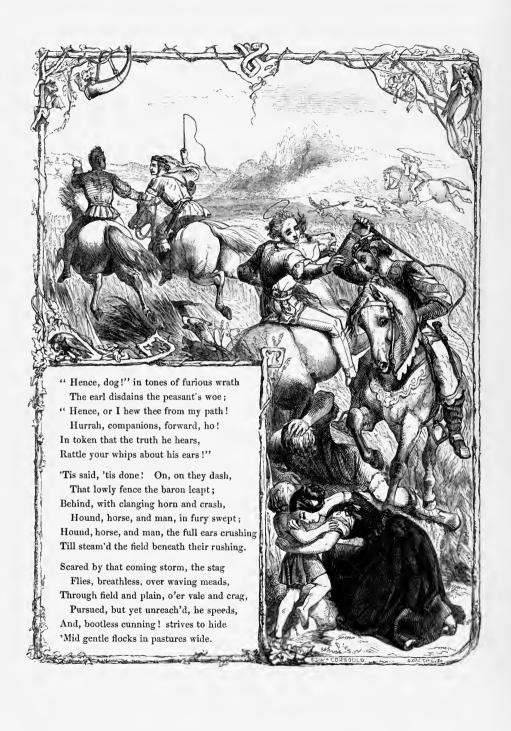
Hurrah! hurrah! o'er dale and hill,
O'er field and plain, away they ride;
But, right and left, those horsemen still
Keep closely at the baron's side.
Up leaps from yonder sheltering crag
A stag of ten—a milkwhite stag.

Louder the chief his horn doth wind,
Faster, on foot, on horse, they fly;
Lo, one by one, before, behind,
The panting vassals sink and die!
"Ay, sink to hell! A baron's glee
Must ne'er be marr'd for such as ye!"

Lo, to a field of yellow corn

The trembling stag for refuge flies;
And see, a peasant, poor and worn,
Pleads to the earl in pitcous guise:
"Have mercy, noble baron! spare
The hope of want, the fruit of care!"

Forward the right-hand horseman spurr'd,
Mildly to check and gently warn;
The left, with many a scoffing word,
Urges the deed of ruthless scorn;
The baron spurns that gentle pleading,
And follows where the left is leading.



But up and down, through wood and plain,
And to and fro, through plain and wood,
The hurrying hounds upon him gain,
Scenting his steps, athirst for blood;
Their rage the trembling shepherd sees,
And sues for pity on his knees

"Mercy, oh mercy! Not in sport
Make poor and peaceful flocks your prey,
The hapless widow's sole support!
Ah, pause and think! Ah, do not slay!
Spare to the poor their little all—
Mercy, oh mercy! hear my call!"

Forward the right-hand horseman spurr'd,
In soothing tones to check and warn;
The left, with mocking laugh and word,
Urges the deed of ruthless scorn;
The baron spurns that gentle pleading,
And follows where the left is leading.

"Out of my path, rash cur! Away!
I would that in yon quivering kine
My dogs could make thyself their prey,
And yonder beldame wife of thine:
Think ye my heart would then be loath
Up to yon heavens to send ye both?"

"Hurrah, companions! Forward there!
Ho, tantara! hark away!"
Then every hound did raging tear
With cruel teeth the nearest prey;
Beneath the bleeding shepherd's eye
His bleeding flock are rent, and die.

Scarcely, with ever-slackening pace,

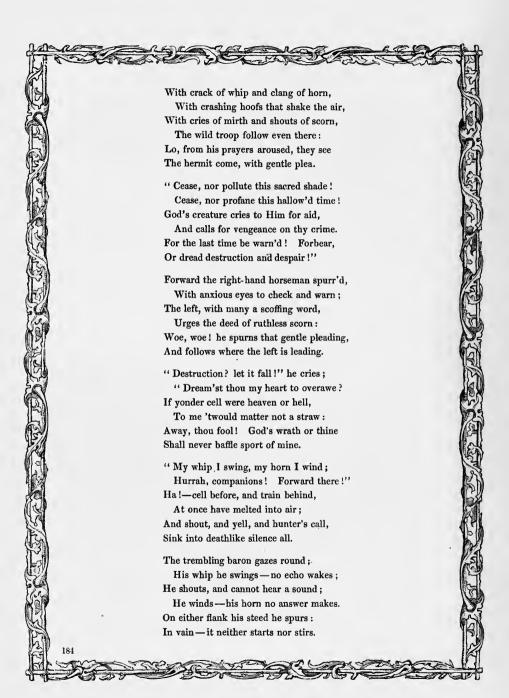
The stag escapes that murderous crowd;

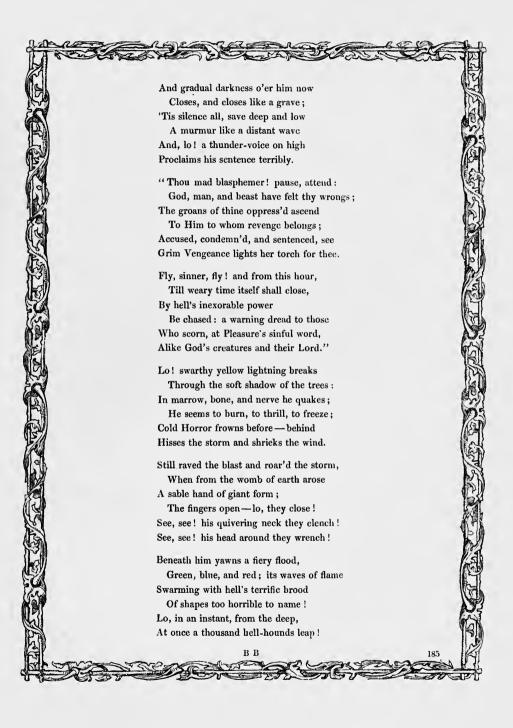
With blood and foam on flank and face,

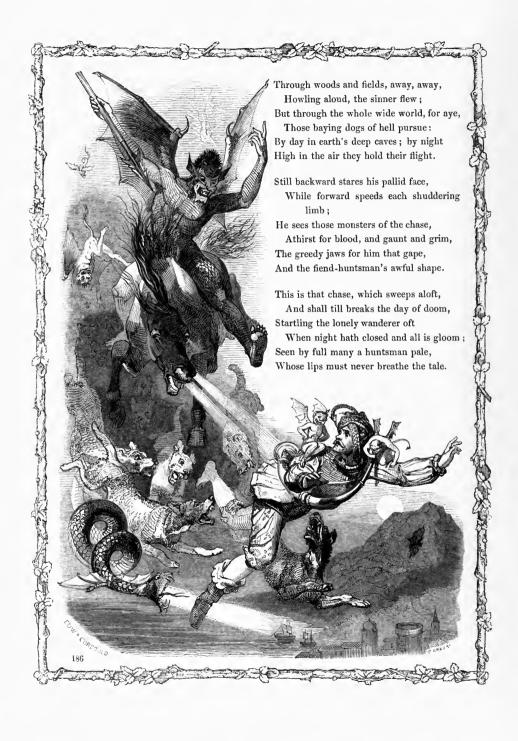
He seeks a thicket's midnight shroud;

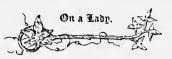
Deep in the darkness of the wood

A hermit's forest-temple stood.









THE blossoms of the early spring, How fair they are to me! A garland of the sweetest thoughts, They hang on every tree.

The glowing tints of morning scene,
Fresh dews and stirring air;
They brace for work my inmost soul,
And make me laugh at care.

And when I see a little child,
Bright-eyed and full of glee,
I can but think, in our fall'n world
What blessed things there be.

But blooming spring and opening morn,
And childhood's hearty play,
They are but toys, compared with joys
I have known in later day.

I knew thee, maid, when life was young,
And all was fresh about thee,
When spring, and morn, and childhood too,
Look'd blank and dull without thee.

But that is naught to the joyous sight
Thou ever since hast been,
As thy spirit kept, with its wiser thoughts,
The brightness of eighteen.

Some souls there are, and such was thine, Who nought but progress show; All through their life far better things Still come than ever go.

Yea, time from thee took nought away
That time had ever given;
But thou wert dearer unto earth,
The nearer unto heaven.

Such firmness and such tenderness,
Such age and youth combined,
Save in that loving, stirring heart,
We never more shall find.

Well may I say, these loveliest things,
That dearest are to me,
Are, lady, ne'er so beautiful,
As minding me of thee.

187



SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice—thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day—
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow:
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue wave till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorch'd land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone: a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight,
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland, stretch'd beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade—go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,

Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,

Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast:

Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head

To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moisten'd curls that overspread

His temples, while his breathing grows more

deep;

And they who stand about the sick man's bed
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go;—but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty
range,

Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more; Sweet odours in the sea-air, sweet and strange, Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore; And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.



WHERETO shall I liken thee,
Thou with sunbright eyes divine?
Twilight never dimmeth thee,
Evermore thy sharp eyes shine.
Thou art like the morning star
On the forehead of the day,
Looking earthward from afar,
When the night-clouds float away.

Thou art like the sparkling fly,
Dancing on the eastern night,
Through a trellised gallery,
Up and down all fiery bright.
Thou art like a starry flower
Hidden in a mist of green,
From beneath a woven bower,
Here and there in glimpses seen.

All bright things are not so bright,
Not so deep as are thine eyes;
Not the hollow blue at night,
Fading into other skies;
Not the blue Forget-me-not,
Bright and deep although it be;
Not the rays from crystals shot,
Nor the twinkling sea.

Fix thy full deep eyes on me,
Let me lose my being there;
Let me pass out into thee
From my house of sin and care.
Surely all thine inner soul
Whence such lights for ever shine,
Must with mild and sweet control
Purify and brighten mine.

Or, if this may never be,

Fix them full upon me still;

Let me borrow light from thee,

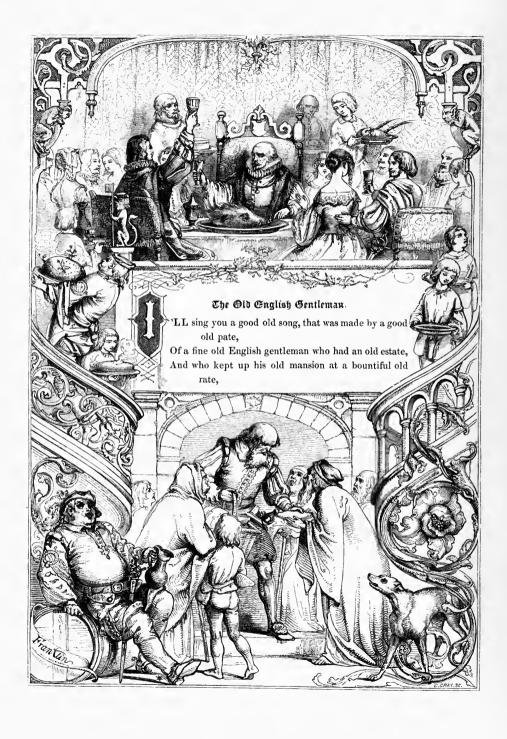
Losing all my thought and will,

Quite absorbed, and emptied quite,

In their lustrous brightness lost;

All my sunshine turned to night—

I'm contented with the cost.



With a good old porter to relieve the old poor at the gate,
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

His hall so old was hung about with pikes, and guns, and bows,

And swords, and good old bucklers, which had stood some tough old

blows;

'Twas there "his worship" sat in state, with doublet and trunk-hose, And he quaff'd a cup of good old sack to comfort his old nose, Like a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time.

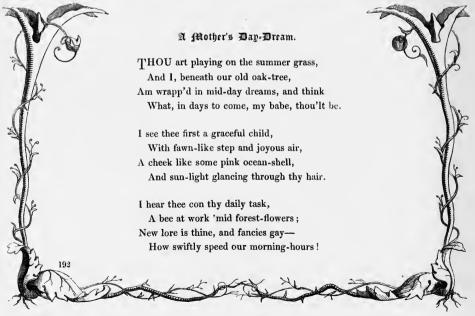
His custom was, when Christmas came, to bid his friends repair To his old hall, where feast and ball for them he did prepare; And though the rich he entertain'd, he ne'er forgot the poor, Nor was the houseless wanderer e'er driven from the door Of this good old English gentleman, one of the olden time.

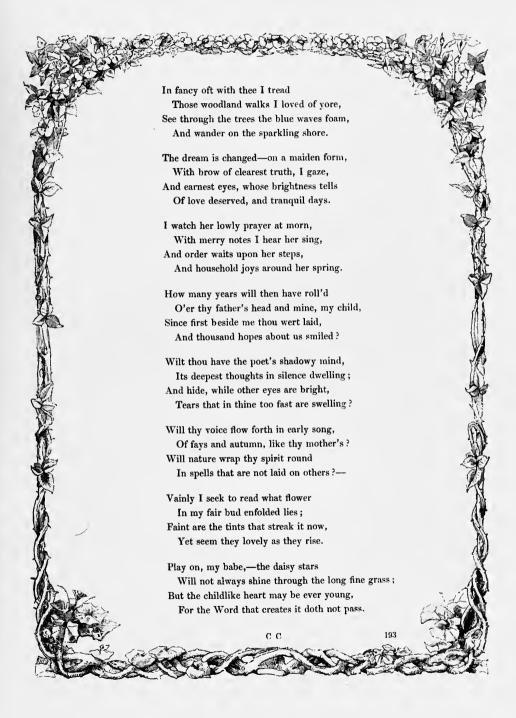
Yet all, at length, must bend to fate; so, like the ebbing tide,
Declining gently to the last, this fine old man he died;
The widow's and the orphan's tears bedew'd his cold grave's side;
And where's the 'scutcheon that can shew so much the worth and pride
Of a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time?

But times and seasons, though they change, and customs pass away,
Yet English hands and English hearts will prove old England's stay;
And though our coffers mayn't be fill'd as they were wont of yore,
We still have hands to fight, if need, and hearts to help the poor,
Like the good old English gentleman, all of the olden time.









## Chening.

IF aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,

May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,

Like thy own solemn springs,

Thy springs, and dying gales;

Oh, Nymph reserved, while now the bright-hair'd Sun Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,

With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-cyed bat, With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing; Or where the beetle winds His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,

Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:

Now teach me, maid composed,

To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising shews His paly circlet, at his warning lamp The fragrant hours, and elves Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain, Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut That from the mountain's side Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve;
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

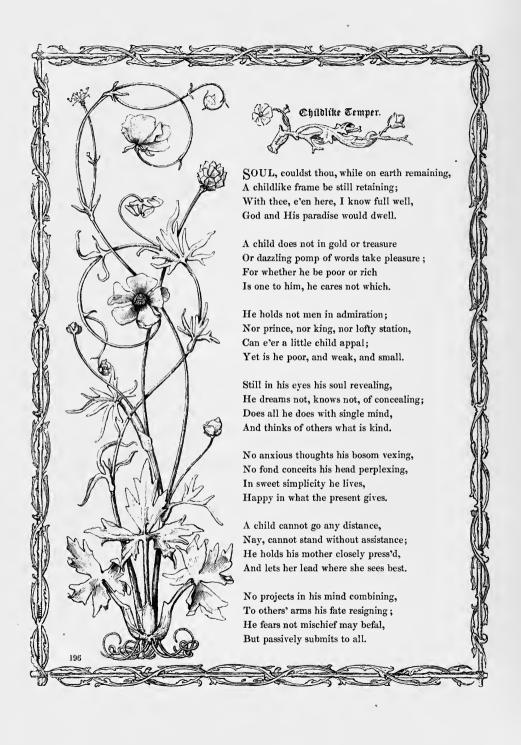
So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

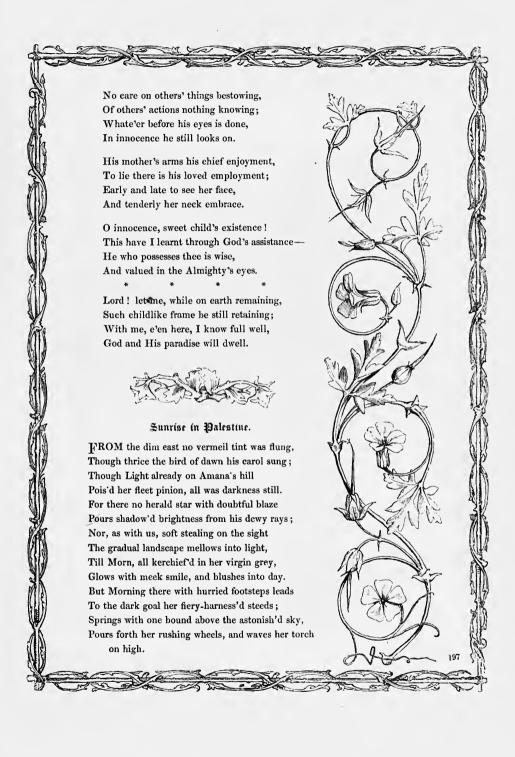


FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do you fall so fast?
Your date is not so past
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth,
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shewn their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.





The Lonely Rock.

A LONELY Rock
On the sea-shore stood,
Its head to heaven,
Its base in the flood;
The dews of morning
Bath'd its brow,
And the moonbeam play'd
On its breast of snow.

The summer-breezes
Kiss'd it lightly,
And the sun shone on it
Brightly, brightly;
But there came not forth
Of its cold, cold breast
So much as to shelter
The sea-mew's nest.

There came not a leaf,
There came not a spray,
Nor the heather brown,
Nor the blossom gay:
The simpler came not,
To pick with care
The healing buds
Of the balsam there.

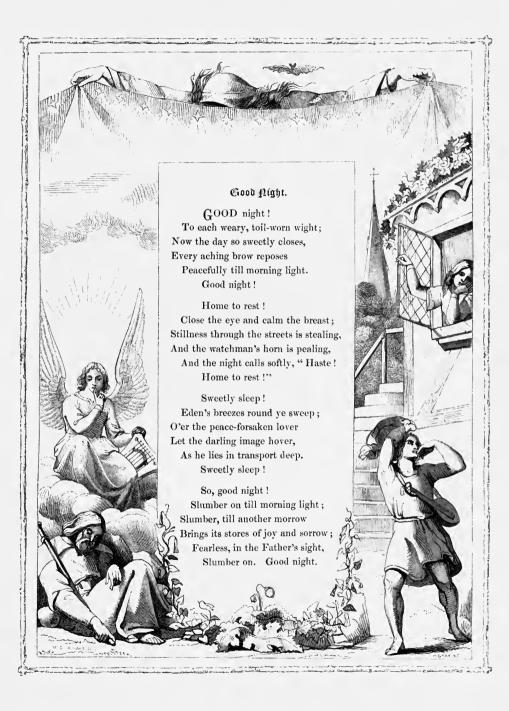
What ails thee, thou Rock,
That still in vain
The Spring returns
With its jocund train,
So richly dight,
So gaily sped,
And finds no wreath
On thy sullen head?

I look'd again,
And the waters grew,
They reach'd its base,
They reach'd its brow;
Again and again,
With fearless shock,
The billows broke
O'er the lonely rock.

But it tremited not
As it pass'd them through,
And it rose in smiles
As the waves withdrew;
And its brow was deck'd
With gems so bright,
They seem'd like drops
Of the rainbow's light.

'Tis well: and so
O'er some beside
Adversity flows
With as rough a tide;
It rifles the heart
Of the joys it bore,
And it comes so oft,
They will grow no more.

But it leaves it firm,
It leaves it bright,—
It leaves it deck'd
With unearthly light;
In hallow'd tears
Serene to stand,
As the lonely Rock
On the cold sea-strand.





"CHILD, whither goest thou
Over the snowy hill?
The frost-air nips so keen,
That the very clouds are still;
From the golden folding curtains
The sun hath not looked forth,
And brown the snow-mist hangs
Round the mountains to the north."

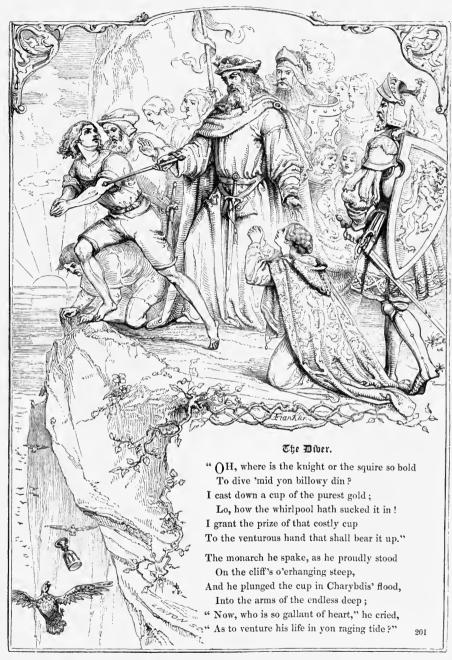
"Kind stranger, dost thou see
Yonder church-tower rise,
Thrusting its crown of pinnacles
Into the looming skies?
Thither go I: keen the morning
Bites, and deep the snow;
But in spite of them,
Up the frosted hill I go."

"Child, and what dost thou
When thou shalt be there?
The chancel-door is shut,
There is no bell for prayer:
Yester morn and yester even
Met we there and prayed;
But now none is there
Save the dead lowly laid."

"Stranger, underneath that tower,
On the western side,
A happy, happy company
In holy peace abide;
My father and my mother,
And my sisters four,—
Their beds are made in swelling turf,
Fronting the western door."

"Child, if thou speak to them,
They will not answer thee;
They are deep down in earth,
Thy face they cannot see:
Then wherefore art thou going
Over the snowy hill;
Why seek thy low-laid family
Where they lie cold and still?"

"Stranger, when the summer heats
Would dry their turfy bed,
Duly from this loving hand
With water it is fed:
They must be cleared this morning
From the thick-laid snow;
So now along the frosted field,
Stranger, let me go,"



They listened, that goodly company,

And were mute both squire and knight;

For they silently gaze on the wild, wild sea,

And they dare not strive with the whirlpool's might.

And the king, for the third time, loudly spake,

"Will no man dive for his monarch's sake?"

But silently still they gaze and stand,

Till a gentle page, and bold,

Stepp'd lightly forth from the shuddering band,

And loosed his scarf and his mantle's fold;

While warriors and ladies, around the place,

All wondering, look in his fearless face.

And, lo! as he stands on the outermost verge,

He sees, in the dark sea gushing,

The struggling waves of the mighty surge,

From the depths of the mutt'ring whirlpool rushing;

And their sound as the sound of thunder is,

As they leap in their foam from that black abyss.

And it hisses and eddies, and seethes and starts,
As if water and fire were blending,
Till the spray-dashing column to heaven updarts,
Wave after wave everlastingly sending,
Never exhausted, and never at rest,
Like a new sea sprung from the old sea's breast.

But the terrible storm is at length asleep!
Black, amid snow-white spray,
A fathomless chasm yawneth deep—
Such portal dream we to hell's dark way!
And they see the fierce, wrangling billows now
Drawn down to those hungry depths below.

Then, quick! ere the tempest again awakes,
The youth but kneels to pray,
And a cry of horror from each lip breaks—
He is whirl'd in the whirling stream away!

And the greedy jaws of the fierce white wave Mysteriously shut o'er the swimmer brave.

All smooth is the surface; beneath, is heard
A muttering deep and suppress'd;
From lip to lip passes the trembling word,
"God speed thee, young spirit, and dauntless breast!"
Then they pause, and they listen right fearfully
To the gathering howls of the hollow sea.

King! if thou cast in thy crown of gold,
And say, "He who wins the gem,
Kingdom and crown for his own shall hold!"
Small were my wish for the diadem.
For how should a living soul reveal
What the howling seas in their womb conceal?

Full many a stately ship hath rush'd

Down to yon bubbling wave,

And mast and keel, all shatter'd and crush'd,

Arose from the depths of the deadly grave.

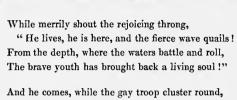
Nearer and nearer that deep sound now

Comes, like a tempest at work below;

And it hisses and eddies, and seethes and starts,
As if water and fire were blending,
Till the spray-dashing column to heaven updarts,
Wave after wave everlastingly sending,
Whose sound as the sound of thunder is,
When they rush with a roar from their black abyss,

But, see! what shines through the dark flood there,
As a swan's soft plumage white?
An arm and a glittering neck are bare,
They busily move with a swimmer's might:
It is he! and, lo, in his left hand, high,
He waveth the goblet exultingly!

He is breathing deep, he is breathing long, As heaven's glad ray he hails;



And he comes, while the gay troop cluster round,

He bends at his sovereign's feet,

And he gives him the cup, kneeling low on the ground;

And the king hath beckon'd his daughter sweet,

And she crowneth the beaker with wine's bright spring,

While the bold youth speaks to the wondering king:

"Long life to our monarch! and joy to those
Who breathe in the light of the blushing sky!
It is fearful there where the dark wave flows;
Nor should man tempt the gods on high,
Nor ever to seek those sights presume
Which they graciously curtain with night and gloom.

Down, down I shot like a lightning-flash,

When, lo! from the depth of the rocky ground

Did a thundering torrent to meet me dash,

Like a child's frail top I was spun around,

Powerless and weak; for how should I fight

With the double stream in its raging might?

Then God, to whom I bitterly cried,
Display'd, through the driving foamy blast
In the depth of the sea, a rock's bare side;
I grasp'd the edge—I was safe at last!
And there hung the cup on its coral brow,
Saved from the bottomless depths below!

For the purple darkness of the deep
Lay under my feet like a precipice,
And though here the ear must in deafness sleep,
The eye could look down the sheer abyss,
And see how the depth of those waters dark
Are alive with the dragon, the snake, and the shark.

There, there they cluster'd in grisly swarms,

Curl'd up into many a hideous ball;

The sepia stretching its horrible arms,

And the shapeless hammer, I saw them all;

And the loathsome dog-fish with threat'ning teeth,

Hyæna so fierce of the seas beneath.

In horrible consciousness there I stay'd,

One soul with feeling and thought endued,

'Mid monsters, afar from all earthly aid,

Alone in that ghastly solitude!

Far, far from the sound of a human tone,

In depths which the sea-snake hath call'd her own.

And shuddering I thought, 'they are creeping more near,
They uncoil, and they straighten their hundred joints—
They will clutch me soon!'—in the frenzy of fear
I loosed my hold on those coral points.
I was seized by the whirling stream once more,
But it saved me now, for it rose to shore!"

The monarch he marvell'd that tale to hear,
And he spake—"The cup is thine;
Now win me this ring of jewels clear—
See how its gleaming diamonds shine!
Go down yet again, and bring word to me,
What thou findest in the uttermost depths of the sea!"

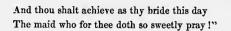
His daughter, she listen'd in grief and shame,
And with winning tones she spake:

"O father, enough of this terrible game!
Think what he hath dared—at thy word—for thy sake!
Or if thou yet longest with quenchless desire,
Twice shall these knights be shamed by a squire?"

Then quickly the monarch grasp'd the eup, And he hurl'd it down below—

" If once again thou canst bear it up,

The first of my knights I will dub thee now;



Through his spirit no earthly fire is rushing,
And fearlessly sparkle his eyes,
For he sees how that fair young face is blushing,
He sees how it droops as the bright tint dies—
Burning so costly a prize to win,
For life and for death he plunges in!

Again that groaning?—that low deep sound,
Which heralds the thunder-clash;
With loving looks they are gathering round.
It cometh, it cometh, the wave's wild crash!
Backwards and forwards it rushes and roars,
But, alas! the youth no wave restores!



## Domestic Peace.

TELL me, on what holy ground May domestic peace be found? Halcyon daughter of the skies, Far on fearful wing she flies From the pomp of sceptred state, From the rebel's noisy hate: In a cottaged vale she dwells, List'ning to the Sabbath-bells! Still around her steps are seen Spotless Honour's meeker mien; Love, the sire of pleasing fears; Sorrow smiling through her tears; And conscious of the past employ, Memory, bosom-spring of joy.



YE feather'd pilgrims, when the year grows old,
Who on the dim horizon darkly flock,
While pillar'd clouds like smoke the vision mock,
Or range along the pented roof,
In companies so stiff and cold,—
In flying troops now wheel aloof,
Now huddle 'neath the frosty eaves,
As if in you the spirit grieves

To see the autumn's waning leaves;
And yet, preparing to depart to-morrow,
Seem reconciled to this day's sorrow;
Pictures ye seem of suffering,
As if our climate did you wrong;
Yet suffering still in hope, are fresh and strong,
With buoyant wing and twittering song;—

Give to my heart your song and wing,

And I with you will fly and sing.



## Spring Flowers.

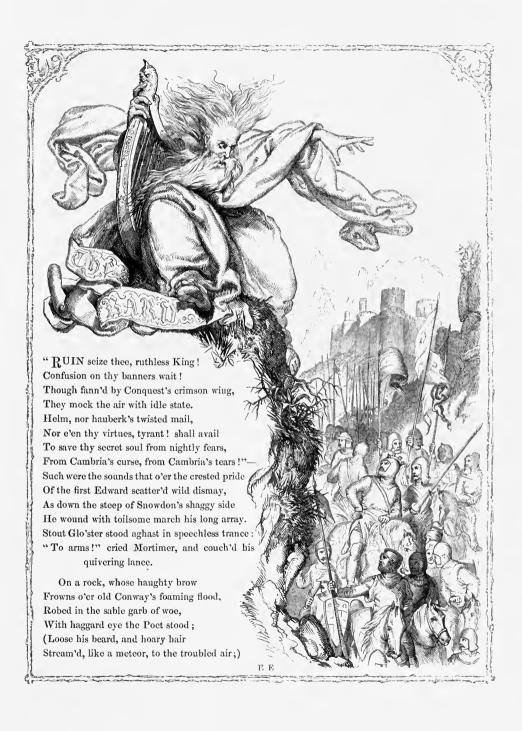
THE loveliest flowers the closest cling to earth,
And they first feel the sun; so violets blue,
To the soft star-like primrose drench'd in dew,
The happiest of Spring's happy fragrant birth.
To gentlest touches sweetest tones reply:
Still humbleness, with her low-breathed voice,
Can steal o'er man's proud heart, and win his choice
From earth to heaven with mightier witchery
Than eloquence or wisdom e'er could own.
Bloom on, then, in your shade, contented bloom,
Sweet flowers, nor deem yourselves to all unknown:
Heaven knows you, by whose gales and dews ye thrive;
They know, who one day for their alter'd doom
Shall thank you, taught by you to abase themselves and live.



I EVER loved the Ocean, as 't had been
My childhood's playfellow. In sooth it was;
For I had built me forts upon its sands,
And launch'd my little navies in the creeks,
Careless of certain loss; so it would play
Even as it listed with them, I were pleased.
I loved to follow with the backward tide
Over rough rocks and quaintly delving pools,
Till that the land-cliffs lessen'd; and I trod
With cautious step on slippery crags and moist,
With sea-weed clothed, like the green hair of nymphs—
The Nereids' votive hair, that on the rocks
They hang when storms are past, to the kind Power
That saved their sparry grottoes.

And at night
I wander'd often, when the winds were up,
Over the pathless hills, till I could hear,
Borne fitfully upon the hurrying blast,
The curfew-bell, with lingering strokes and deep,
From underlying town;—then all was still
But the low murmuring of the distant sea;
And then again the new-awaken'd wind
Howl'd in the dells, and through the bended heath
Swept whistling by my firmly planted feet.

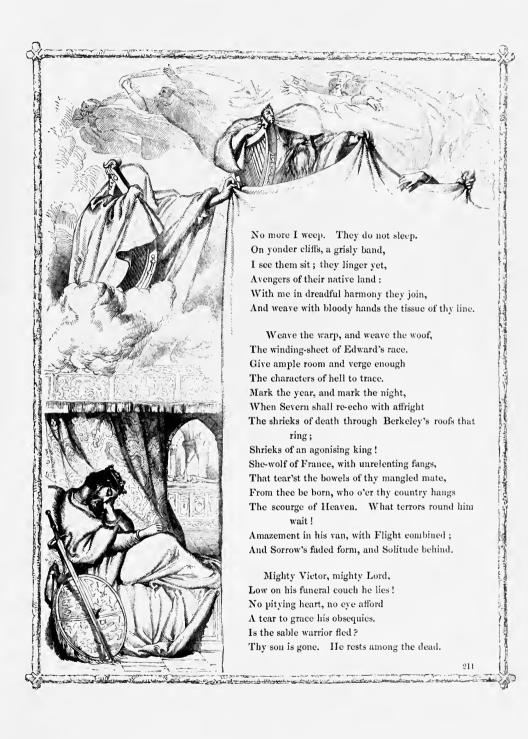




And with a master's hand and prophet's fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

"Hark, how each giant oak and desert cave
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

Cold is Cadwallo's tongue, That hush'd the stormy main; Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed: Mountains, ye mourn in vain Modred, whose magic song Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head. On dreary Arvon's shore they lie, Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale: Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail; The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by. Dear lost companions of my tuneful art! Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes, Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my Ye died amidst your dying country's cries.





The swarm, that in the noon-tide beam were born?

Gone to salute the rising morn.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening
prey.

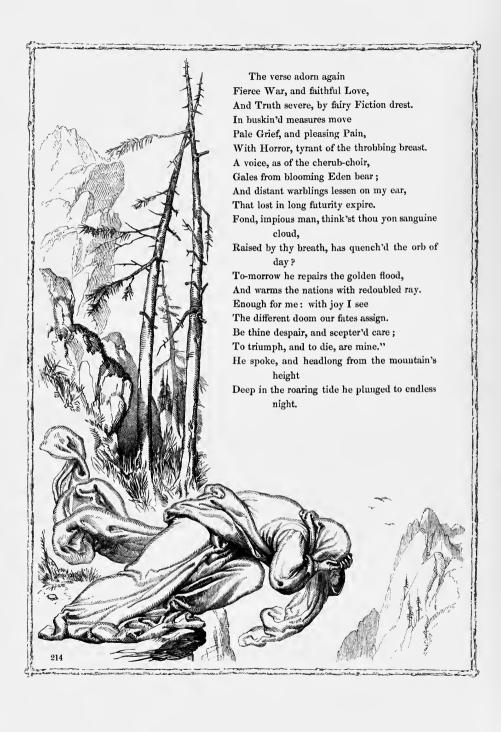
Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse!
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their
way.

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled boar in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his
doom,"

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart we consecrate,
(The web is wove. The work is done.)"
"Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn:

In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But, oh, what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll!
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine kings! Britannia's issue, hail!

Girt with many a baron bold, Sublime their starry fronts they rear; And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old, In bearded majesty appear. In the midst a form divine! Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line; Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face, Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace. What strings symphonious tremble in the air! What strains of vocal transport round her play! Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear; They breathe a soul to animate thy clay. Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings, Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour'd wings.



## The Beboted.

STERN faces were around her bent,
And eyes of vengeful ire,
And fearful were the words they spake.
Of torture, stake, and fire;
Yet, calmly in the midst she stood,
With eye undimm'd and clear,
And though her lip and cheek were white,
She wore no sign of fear.

"Where is thy traitor spouse?" they said:
A half-form'd smile of scorn,

That curl'd upon her haughty lip, Was back for answer borne.

All rusted o'er with red!

"Where is thy traitor spouse?" again, In fiercer tones, they said, And sternly pointed to the rack,

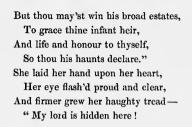
Her heart and pulse beat firm and free;
But in a crimson flood,
O'er pallid lip, and cheek, and brow,
Rush'd up the burning blood.
She spoke, but proudly rose her tones,
As when in hall or bower,
The heaveltiest chiefs that round her stood

The haughtiest chiefs that round her stood, Had meekly own'd their power.

"My noble lord is placed within
A safe and sure retreat."

"Now, tell us where, thou lady bright,
As thou would'st mercy meet,—
Nor deem thy life can purchase his:
He cannot 'scape our wrath,
For many a warrior's watchful eye

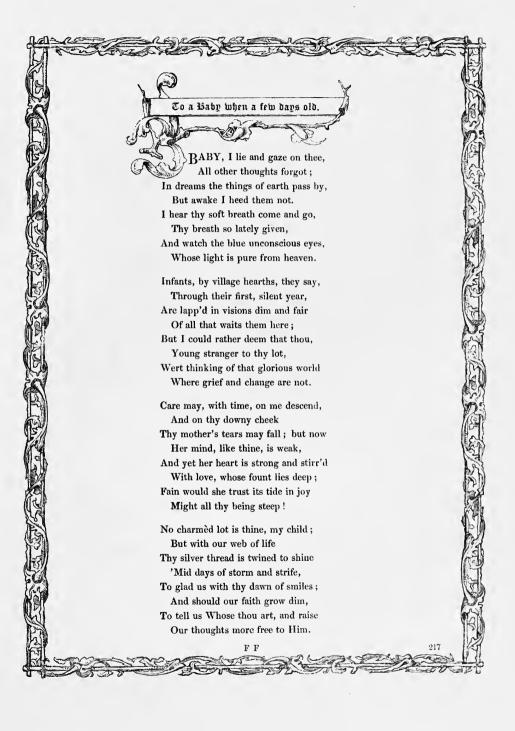
Is placed o'er every path;



And if ye seek to view his form,
Ye first must tear away,
From round his sacred dwelling-place,
These walls of living clay!"
They quail'd beneath her haughty glance,
They silent turn'd aside,
And left her all unharm'd amidst
Her loveliness and pride.

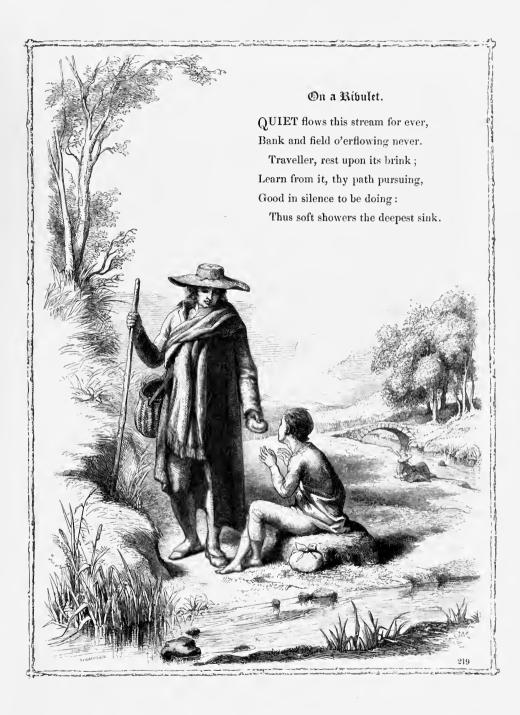


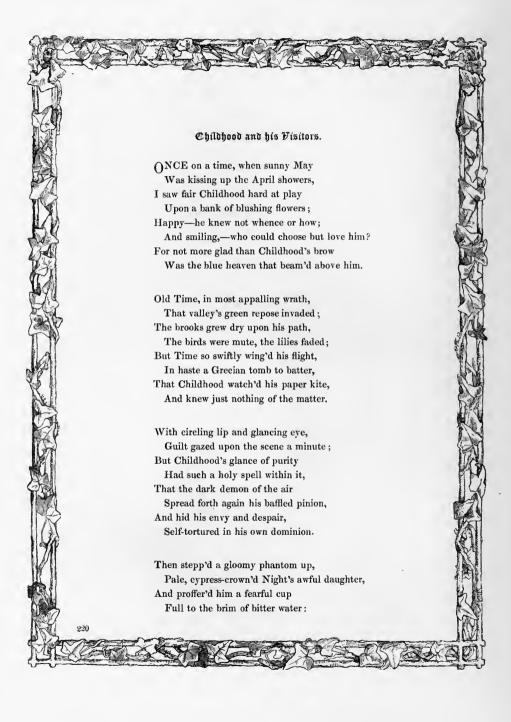
I WAS a wither'd, blasted tree, And Spring's gay garlands deck'd not me; But Summer comes, and round me throws Her wreathed sweets, her sylvan rose; Her ivy garland shades my head, Her blossoms round my feet are spread; There the bird warbles, and the bee Sings at her work with blithesome glee; And from the flowers that are not mine She forms her thymy sweets divine: Nor shall I want the fleecy flower That Autumn loves, the virgin's bower. And, oh! when Winter's icy air Makes all the gayer forest bare, The wither'd ivy round my brow Shall blossom as it blossoms now.

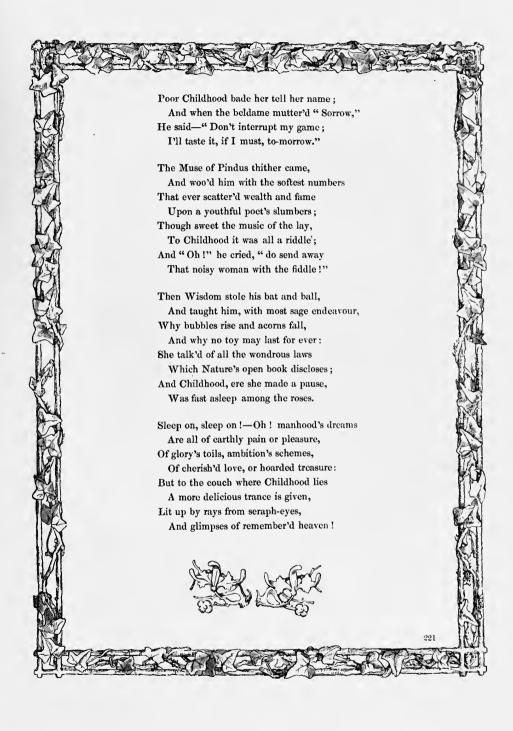




SEE how, like lightest waves at play, the airy dancers fleet, And scarcely feels the floor the wings of those harmonious feet! Oh, are they flying shadows, from their native forms set free? Or phantoms in the fairy-ring, that summer moonbeams see? As, by the gentle zephyr blown, some light mist flies in air -As skiffs that skim adown the tide, when silver waves are fair,-So sports the docile footstep to the heave of that sweet measure, As music wafts the form aloft at its melodious pleasure. Now breaking through the woven chain of the entangled dance, From where the ranks the thickest press, a bolder pair advance— The path they leave behind them lost—wide opes the path beyond; The way unfolds or closes up, as by a magic wand. See now, they vanish from the gaze, in wild confusion blended; Ah, in sweet chaos whirl'd again, that gentle world is ended! No !-disentangled glides the knot; the gay disorder ranges; The only system ruling here, a grace that ever changes. For aye destroy'd, for aye renew'd, whirls on that fair creation; And yet one peaceful law can still pervade in each mutation. And what can to the reeling maze breathe harmony and vigour, And give an order and repose to every gliding figure,— That each a ruler to himself doth but himself obey, Yet through the hurrying course still keeps his own appointed way? What, wouldst thou know? It is, in truth, the mighty melody-A power that reigns in every step, how wild soe'er it be; That with the measure and the tune, as with a golden rein, Can tame the bounding strength to grace, the swift desire restrain. And comes the world's wide harmony in vain upon thine ears, The stream of music borne aloft from yonder choral spheres? And feel'st thou not the measure which eternal nature keeps, The whirling dance for ever held in yonder azure deeps? The suns that wheel in varying maze? That music thou discernest? No! thou canst honour that in sport which thou forgett'st in earnest.





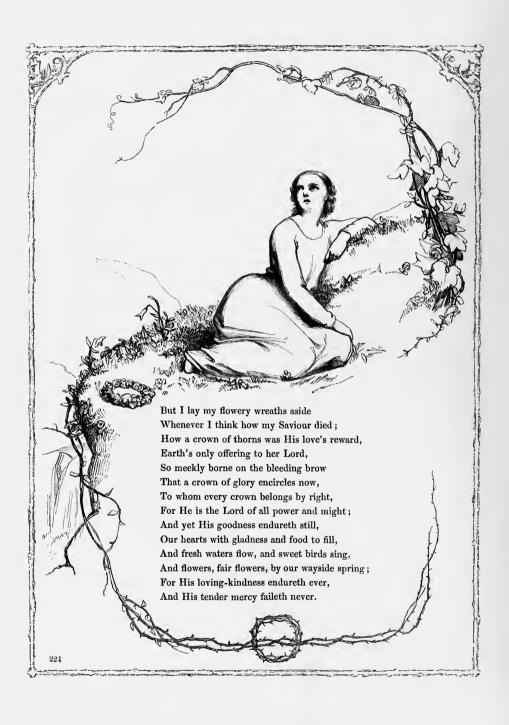


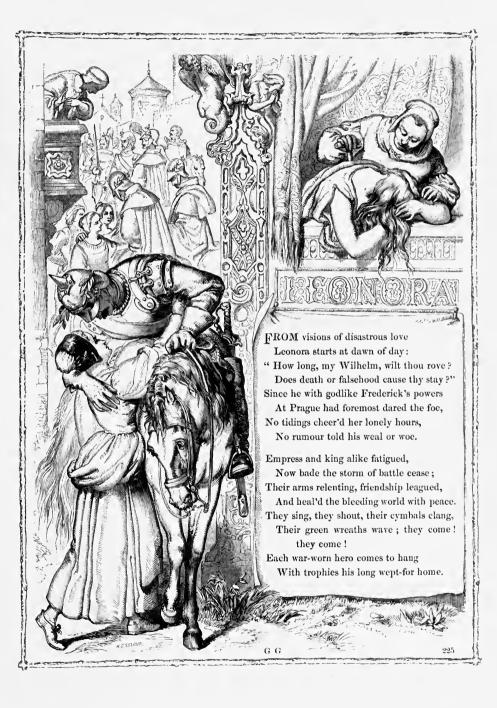


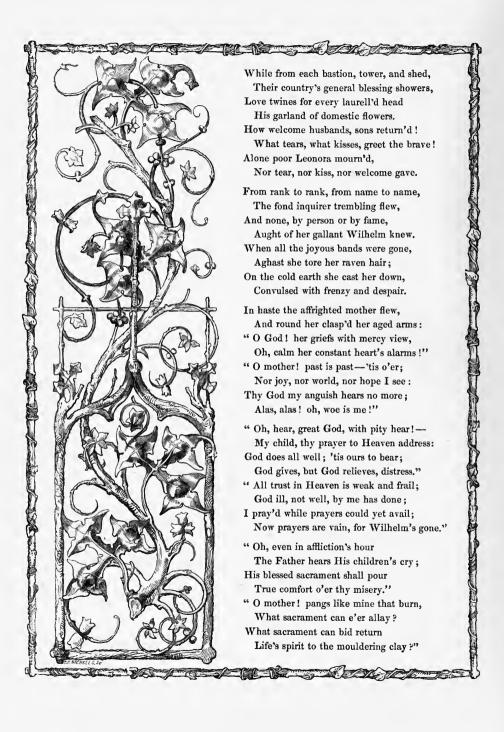
And the king-cups and daisies, white and red, That last when the sweet spring-flowers are fled. Then I twine me wreaths until I am drest Like a queen of May, in all I love best.

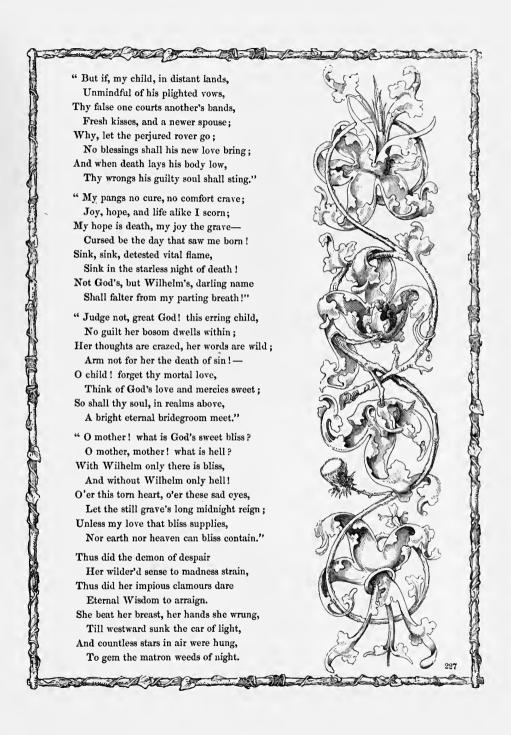
But when I am tired of that flowery play,
I love to list to some bird's sweet lay,
To the stock-dove's cooing, so soft and low,
Or the glad, fresh sound of the streamlet's flow;
And sweet are the thoughts that come over me then,
As I roam alone through the woodland glen;
For I think how great must His goodness be
Who yet makes this earth so fair to see;
Whose is the freshness, the brightness, the bloom,
The bird's sweet song, and the flower's perfume.
Then I love to think of Eden's flowers,
Her golden fruits and her fadeless flowers,
That sprang so free on the grassy sod,
Where our father Adam might walk with God.

The garden He planted, oh, must it not
Have been a delightsome and favour'd spot!
Though all earth was fair in creation's morn.
While sin and sorrow were yet unborn.
Then I think of a day that shall surely be,
When new earth and new heavens our eyes shall see,
Of a land of righteousness and of peace,
A land where sorrow and sighing shall cease,
When that early bliss shall back be given,
And this earth hold intercourse with Heaven;
For the Lord our God shall yet dwell with men,
And the desert bloom like Eden again;
And I marvel, 'mid scenes so fair to me,
To think how much fairer earth then shall be.











Hush! with high tread and prancings proud,
A war-horse shakes the rattling gate;
Clattering his clashing armour loud,
Arrives a horseman at the grate:
And, hush! the door-bell gently rings—
What sounds are those we faintly hear?
The night-breeze in low murmur brings
These words to Leonora's ear:—

"Holla, holla! my life, my love!

Does Leonora watch or sleep?

Still does her heart my vows approve?

Does Leonora smile or weep?"

"O Wilhelm, thou! these eyes for thee Fever'd with tearful vigils burn; Aye fear and woe have dwelt with me: Oh, why so late thy wish'd return?"

"At dead of night alone we ride,
From Prague's far-distant field I come;
"Twas late ere I could 'gin bestride
This coal-black barb to bring thec home."

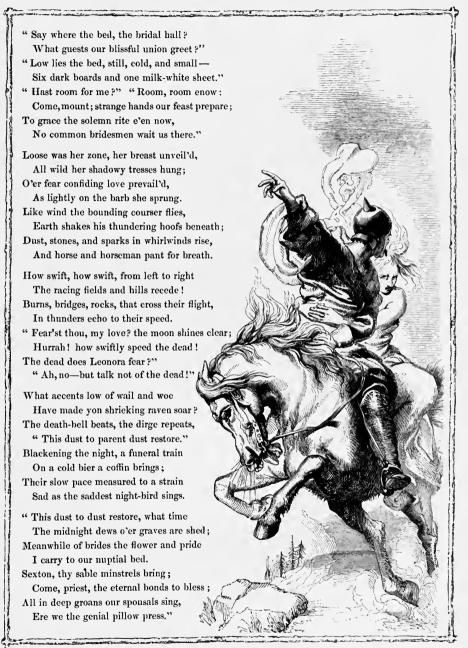
"Oh, rest thee first, my Wilhelm, here!
Bleak roars the blast through vale and grove;
Oh, come, thy war-worn limbs to cheer
On the soft couch of joy and love!"

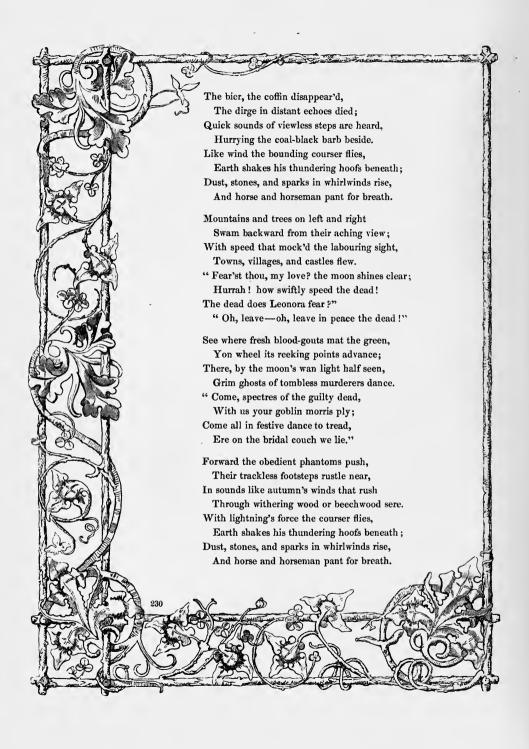
"Let the bleak blast, my child, roar on—
Let it roar on; we dare not stay:
My fierce barb maddens to be gone,
My spurs are set—away, away!
Mount by thy true love's guardian side;
We should ere this have full far sped;
Five hundred destined miles we ride
This night to reach our nuptial bed."

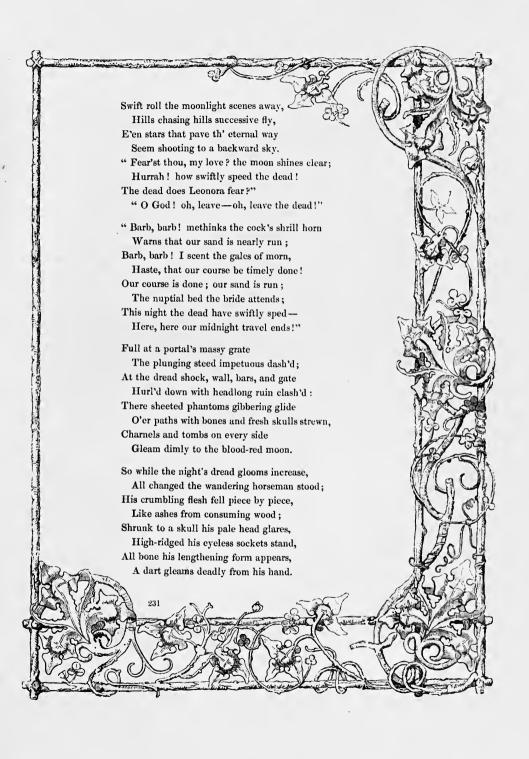
"Our nuptial bed, this night so dark,
So late, five hundred miles to roam?
Yet sounds the bell, which struck to mark
That in one hour would midnight come."

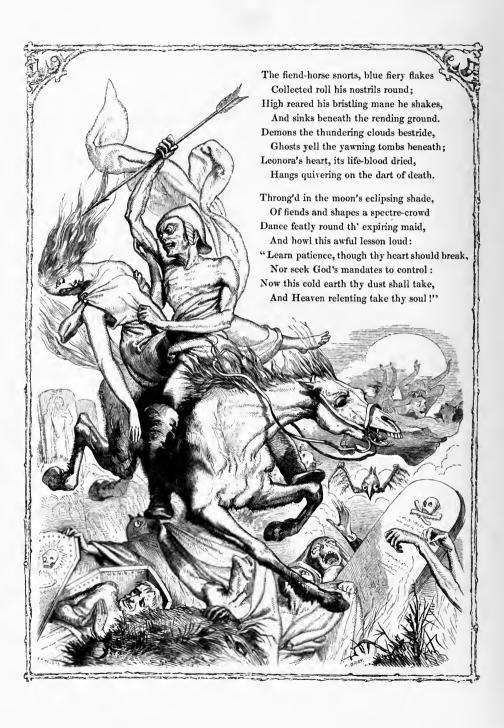
"See there, see here, the moon shines clear,
We and the dead ride fast away;
I 'gage, though long our way and drear,

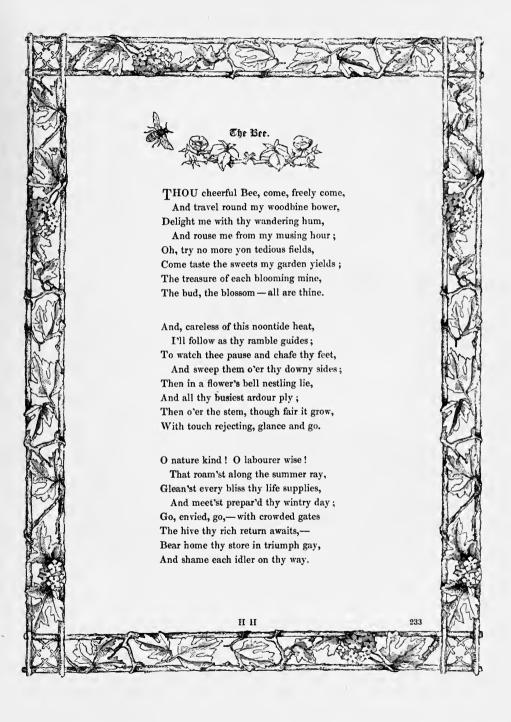
We reach our nuptial bed to-day."











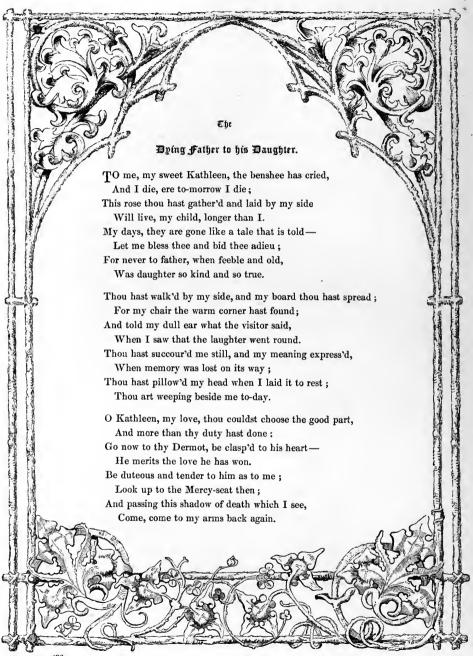


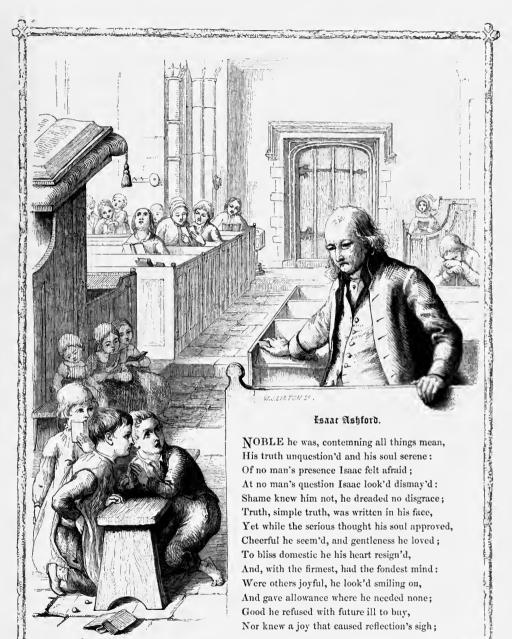
Many a dark morass,
Many a craggy mass,
Thy feeble force must pass;
Yet, yet delay!
"Though the marsh be dire and deep,
Though the crag be stern and steep,
On, on my course must sweep,
I may not stay;
For, oh, be it east or west,
To a home of glorious rest,
In the bright sea's boundless breast,
I hasten away!"

The warbling bowers beside thee,
The laughing flowers that hide thee,
With soft accord they chide thee;
Sweet Brooklet, stay!
"I taste of the fragrant flowers,
I respond to the warbling bowers,
And sweetly they charm the hours
Of my winding way;
But ceaseless, still, in quest
Of that everlasting rest,
In my parent's boundless breast,
I hasten away!"

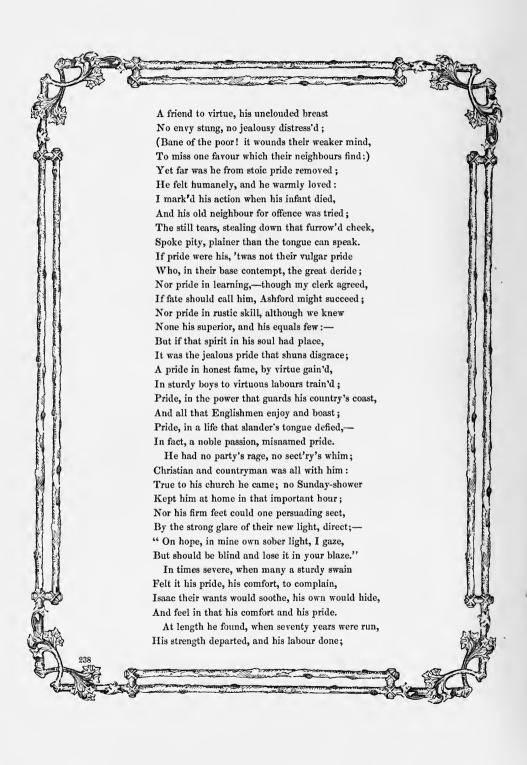
Know'st thou that dread abyss
Is a scene of bliss?
Ah, rather cling to this;
Sweet Brooklet, stay!
"Oh, who shall fitly tell
What wonders there may dwell?—
That world of mystery well
Might strike dismay:
But I know 'tis my parent's breast;
There held, I must needs be blest;
And with joy to that promised rest
I hasten away!"







The state of the s







## A Storm at Sea.

THE clouds hang thick and heavy o'er the deep; And heavily, upon the long slow swell,
The vessel laboured on the labouring sea.
The reef-points rattled on the shivering sail;
At fits the sudden gust howled ominous,
Anon with unremitting fury raged;
High rolled the mighty billows, and the blast
Swept from their sheeted sides the showery foam:
Vain now were all the seamen's homeward hopes,
Vain all their skill!—we drove before the storm.

'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep, And pause at times, and feel that we are safe; Then listen to the perilous tale again, And, with an eager and suspended soul, Woo terror to delight us. But to hear

The roaring of the raging elements,—
To know all human skill, all human strength,
Avail not,—to look round, and only see
The mountain-wave, incumbent with its weight
Of waters bursting o'er the recling bark;—
O God! this is indeed a dreadful thing!
And he who hath endured the horror once
Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
Howl round his home, but he remembers it,
And thinks upon the suffering mariner!



## Witten in Spring.

SAY not these flowers will quickly fade,
This spring-time soon have pass'd away;
While they have been, for me they made
Bright wreaths for many a distant day.

Thank Heaven! e'en transient things below, So lovely, never need depart; The sweetest thoughts are those which grow From memory on the faithful heart.

The daisied spring, the home-like spot,

The friend that used to please me well,

May pass, but cannot be forgot;

Love's image is indelible.



